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TEMPTATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

Who sees you? All is close and dark and still,
No prying, pitiless messenger of ill
On some side this place and hour away
Your secret to the skies, exulting day.

No wise? The wild that through the silence treads—
The myriad billows lifting their wild heads
Over the rough sea-rocks—the stealthy leaves
Losing themselves from friends to hearts the thieves.

Nay, this is—leaves could not have planned
A time or fit—see how you cloud doth stand
With black and shattering hands before the face
Of the fair moon, as if to give you grace.

Enough! enough hath dark ever dared to come
A cloud so foul, I tell you the hot shame
Will burn on cheeks, and make a light whereby
All the wide world should see the monster lie.

But could I hide my guiltiness away,
And keep it hidden till the Judgment-day,
Then, though the heavens were all one silent waste,
I, in mine own eyes, still would be abased.

NORA DEANE;
OR,
THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.
A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV
SUSPICIOUS WORK.

While Allan was gone for the arms Harry related to Mark Winter the circumstances of their meeting with Tom Burdee and his gang. The old trapper listened with rapt attention, and when the story had been told, he clapped his great hands together, exclaiming:

"Did the pesters do it? By glory!"

He would say no more, but the subaltern were cut short by the entrance of Mr. Deane, who burst in, hands—as in his wife—flung him and four stout guns.

"Here, Mark Winter, you're to me then," he said, as he shook them up to the ceiling.

"But, parson," suggested the trapper, "I hope ye won't go to makin' child's play of this business. Rifles is o' no use unless ye're willin' to use 'em."

"Well, Mark, would I bring the powder and ball," the clergyman quickly retorted, "and then we'll talk about it."

"That's" muttered the old woodsman, giving his dexterous chuckle a jerk, "I reckon he'll do. I don't know as I ever took notice afore of what a splendid figger he's got. Sounds I he's cut out for a varsin."

Even Nora smiled at the quaint earnestness with which the trapper thus delivered himself; and as his gaze was fixed upon her, as though he would ask if he had said anything that was out of the place, assisted by Mark. While they were doing this Mr. Deane turned to his wife, and asked her if she wished to retire to her chamber.

Mary Deane was a timid woman, as we have seen; but she had much pride and great moral power; not in this hour her pride came to her assistance. She had heard the trapper speak of the keeper of the gate being slain, and of the good-ness and courage of her husband; and he should not see that she was lacking of that good quality in him.

"My husband," she said, with a calmness that surprised even herself, "do not trouble yourself about me. I may not be able to render you much assistance, but you shall not find me a helpless weight."

"That's the sort," cried Mark Winter, enthusiastically. "I don't wonder the boys are heroes."

Mr. Deane was pleased with his wife's decision; and, having kissed her, he turned to Mark. He had nothing to say to the daughter. She was standing by Harry's side, watching him, as he would a child helping him when she could, and the obedience of the boy to the wishes of his heart was clear.

"Now," said the clergyman, after he had satisfied himself touching the wishes of his wife and child, "you can tell me something more concerning these desperadoes. You are sure they are outlaws, then?"

"Darn I be," replied the trapper, emphatically. "I'd s'picioned 'em from the start, an' I knowed all about 'em. And, mind ye—they're backed up by men as has got property; they're backed up by men as are sworn to put them down; and this ere gover'ment of ourn, that's under gangs besides Burder's and Nor-ton's. Their plan is to kill off every man 'at preaches Union; an' Allan Deane 's about the fust one they'll go to."

"Have you good evidence that they mean to make him a victim to the last?"

"Lord bless ye, parson, it comes I here. I tell ye they mean to do just 'exactly as the Injins do' when they go out on a scalp. O, don't think they're goin' to rush up to your house in a crash, an' quiet ye in that way,—cut a hole in it. They mean to shet your mouth with cold lead—most of ourn."

"You think there are six of them coming?"

"There is either five or six besides Good Norton himself; an' they'll be here where a good rifle can reach 'em."

Harry Marshall had not as much of the spirit within him that the trapper had credited to his friend; and as the latter observed the change in the character of the people who would be their to-come spiritual life. He had studied carefully the sacred working of the secession element in that section of the State; and he was well aware that the spirit of rapine was at the bottom of the whole of it. Few of the leaders had fine visions of political power in the future; but the mass of those who formed the guerrilla bands had no respect for law, either human or divine; and, like all villains and ruffians, in all ages of the world, they hated the institutions of civil government, and justice. He knew that the rascals—the thieves, robbers, and blacklegs—who had for years infested the town and other landings, were now ready to take arms under the name of the Confederacy, and form bands of marauders; and their watch-word was "Death to all Union men!" and "All Union men's property for us!" Allan Deane knew all this, and he knew that when the guerrillas gained strength enough to form the bands into regular armed corps, Death of him, and well of him, and north of him, for he was the most conspicuous Union man in the county; as there could be no mistaking their object.

"If," said Mr. Deane, "as one hostile force follows in upon us, it will lead the enemy before town-service. The capturing of the leaders may open the rest to flight."

The trapper was just then in the act of putting powder and ball into the rifles of his two friends, and he stopped his work and looked up.

"What's that?" he said, pausing.

"I said we'd leave the military up here to-morrow."

"From where?"

"Why, from Sayville, of course."

"Lord bless ye, that she's no military that. They went off yesterday."

"Went where?"

"Went to Jim Grent, I reckon. Anyhow, they're gone, an' every one on 'em. Why, Lord bless ye, parson, they've got wishes there enough to have thunkers to hold."

Allan Deane dropped a rifle and the ramrod both heavily upon the floor.

"If that's the case," he said, "there is work before us. I have preached the gospel of peace, and I hope to practice it again; but I cannot stand in the way of peace they must be removed. You say Gerald Norton is coming from the north?"

"Yes."

"Then he will approach us in front. I will go and secure the rear. Mark, you will go with me, down, and be with you quickly."

When Allan Deane had left the house the place was wild and tenebrous; and to please his timid wife he hung cold shutters upon all the window frame; for sometimes he was called away to be gone all night, and she felt safer with this additional security. And at the present time those shutters were in their places, and the clergyman closed them all save them upon the windows of the room they occupied. He was just returning from this work when the quick ear of the trapper caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Here they come!" he cried.

"God grant that they have no not to extremities!" ejaculated Deane, at the same time extinguishing a light.

"That's a good prayer, but I'm afeared it won't be answered," said Mark. "I tell ye, parson, we've got to look this yer matter right in the face. We've loved to like it as long."

"I understand all that," returned Mr. Deane; "and I beg that you will leave the business to my hands until we find out what these fellows mean."

Mark Winter was perfectly willing to submit to this arrangement; only he wanted one thing understood.

"From this time," he said, "I'm counted in with you; an' them yer wiltains won't spare 'em. They're men 'at hanged they be, an' I think I can feel—and stopped like in his current—knows with a target through him about."

"Harry Marshall and as you," said Deane, suggested he had better remain in the house; "for you are hardly suited to the service."

Harry Marshall had nothing to say to this; and deep carried in the idea of going and hanging upon the skirts of the enemy, intending to speak to them of Union in the meantime Mark Winter, who had been standing with the muzzle of his second rifle resting upon the ash, caught sight of another rascal, and quickly sent him to keep company with dead companions. The two heard windows then fell stood close by the door, and stepped into the yard. Mr. Deane spoke to them from within. He supposed that they might ask for entry in their present condition.

"If you will lay down your arms," he said, "we will spare you." He spoke loudly and distinctly, so that he might be understood.

Upon the door, by loudly and coarse [illegible] the response. "Open it, or we'll burn ye out! We've got matches, an' we'll set the fire."

"If you enter this house by force you will die," returned Deane; "and if you set the house on fire we shall punish you."

One of the ruffians gave a clump with his rifle, and had just commenced to swear at the old clergyman, when a sharp report broke upon the air close by them. One, two, three, shots were fired in quick succession, and the swearing ceased.

What was it? Mark Winter, when he saw Deane go into the entry, had slipped out by the back way, and come upon the two villains with his revolver, giving them both mortal wounds before they had time to turn their rifles upon him.

Mr. and trembling Mrs. Deane retired to her chamber, supported by the arm of her daughter, and sank upon the bed; but she could not remain there alone, and when Nora went out into the kitchen, she went with her. The scene of blood had shocked her, and she seemed to fear that ghosts might take the place of the dead men, and come to harm the household.

When Allan Deane knew that the enemy were silenced, he unbarred the front door and went out. Harry Marshall, named Warren, was alive, and begged for water. He was a young man, not more than five or three-and-twenty, and had been once in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. His five companions were dead, as had been already discovered by the trapper. The clergyman brought water for the wounded man, and as he held it to his lips he asked:

"Why did you attack my house?"

"We meant to kill you," replied the man, after he had drunk. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke with difficulty. He knew that he was dying, and the knowledge did not make him afraid. "We meant to kill you, as you ought to be. I said you'd get killed yet."

"And what would you have done with my daughter?"

"You hairy got only a wife and daughter." The man's voice was faint. "What would you have done with them?"

"Why, I killed the old woman, and sent the gal safe off."

"Of whom?" asked Harry Marshall, who had overheard the conversation.

"Hi! is that you, Master Harry? We wh't thinkin' of sendin' her to you. No,—we've got another use for a dear to you."

"Look'e, Jack Burnam," said Mark Writer, with his face close to the man's ear, "you're well—I've known'd ye ever since ye bore in arms—what's killed you've done?"

"Well, what of it?"

"The mean of it. How many o' you bush-whackers be there in them parts?"

Enough to take care of all such chaps as you are, Mark Winter. You haven't seen the last of 'em yet."

Mr. Deane tried to obtain some information from the man, but without avail. He would tell nothing, only to declare that the bush-whackers were collecting in large numbers, and that every Union man would soon be shot or hung. At length he asked for more water. He drank all there was in the measure, and still lingered for more. The old clergyman went to fill the measure again; but when he returned Jack Burnam was dead.

"I wish we could 'a got a little more information out of him," said Mark.

"We got enough," added Harry Marshall, with a shudder. "They meant to kill us; but they did not mean to kill Nora!"

"Ain't" murmured Miss Deane, "there are troubled times! God help the right!"

CHAPTER V.
SIGNS, THE STRANGER.

While Allan Deane went to to see his wife, Harry and Mark drew the bodies of the dead men to the stable, and covered them with a blanket, after which they placed a rather and traces upon one of the horses, and carried the carcass of the clergyman's unfortunate beast down towards the river. When they returned to the house it was very near midnight, and a consultation was held as to what should be the arrangements for the future. Mrs. Deane was anxious to leave the place as soon as possible. She feared that more enemies might come that way. But Mark Winter did not think so.

"There's no danger of that," he said, "unless Tom Burdee survives, an' I guess he won't. I don't believe he'll do to-night. We'll be safe enough here till morning, and then we can see whichever way ye choose. Harry an' I am here with."

Mr. Deane agreed to this, as did Harry Marshall and Nora, and when the good woman found herself in as small a minority, she gave up without further opposition. But the old man was not to be cheated out of his privilege of taking charge of the house, and he would not, without further cause of alarm, and with the first light of morning. When Harry saw that if any enemies were lurking about.

Harry thought to be sure a man carrying in the office of the woods beyond the road, and he and Mark went for ammunition. They were satisfactory, guarding against surprise; but found nothing to excite alarm.

"It might 'a been," said Mark, "for them fellers has got friends, an' they'll come for them."

"I am very sure that I saw a man," returned Harry; "and, as you suggest, he may have been one of the other gang from Gerald Norton's force. Let us go back and see what Allan Deane says about it."

"Darn it," responded the trapper; "he's turned preacher now, an' I guess he'll let all preachin' alone. He'll be glad and see what Christian is in the world for a spell. But you think, Master Harry, as preachers ov't 's a man?"

"I think they ought to be ready to defend the rights of humanity, if the occasion presents itself, and when the safety of which the whole of our country depends," replied Harry, as they moved back toward the house.

"Darby I" said Mark, emphatically. "I don't disagree with ye, my boy. If all preachers was like Allan Deane there wouldn't be no Christians in the world for long. But you think, Master Harry, as preachers ov't 's a man?"

"I think they ought to be ready to defend the rights of humanity, if the occasion presents itself, and when the safety of which the whole of our country depends," replied Harry, as they moved back toward the house.

"Darby I" said Mark, emphatically. "I don't disagree with ye, my boy. If all preachers was like Allan Deane there wouldn't be no Christians in the world for long. But you think, Master Harry, as preachers ov't 's a man?"

"Yes," replied Harry.

"An' another linked big slice of an institution," said the old woodsman, as he sponged Harry's face with water.

"What's one of the grandest of them, Mark."

"An' another institution," cried the trapper, giving his face a slap that nearly sent him over the very screen, "an' one o' the biggest find of an institution as ever was, or ever will be, for the Constitution an' the Union! How's that?"

"Why, I don't understand you."

"An' I sort o' reckon as how 't preachers ov't right to be for that one thing."

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"Why, I don't understand you."

"An' I sort o' reckon as how 't preachers ov't right to be for that one thing."

"I think they ought to labor fraid, Mark."

"Darby I" said the trapper, with a laugh, "I reckon some on 'em go agin all sorts of fightin'."

"Some of them may," admitted Harry.

"I wonder if any of them ever read it. Does read it some. What d'ye think o' them old Testament fellers?"

"What about them, Mark?"

"What do they say to God, an' didn't they 'long to the chosen?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well—an' wasn't they ag'in' old tigers in their day? Didn't they have to fight them same old patriarchs an' kings an' people—they was patriarchs, I s'pose, for they was the chosen of old Christians, now?"

Harry smiled at the companion's quaint remarks; and after a pause the latter went on:

"By the great Moses! Parson Deane ov't 's 'us been one o' them yer old patriarchs. Wouldn't be 'us been a rag'lar fraid among them same as sat 'throwd Daniel in amongst the lions."

Allan Deane would have been a good man in any age, and among any people," remarked Harry, gravely.

"Darby; but I reckon the Lord know'd pretty much what he'd be needed. I guess they made Mr. Deane just about the right time—in't?"

"Certainly," replied Harry, with a smile.

"An' Lord bless ye, they'll want him again in the side with his Christian's reckon. Him that will give up in a worry bad time for 'em, eh?"

"We have let the talk on the head exactly now, Mark."

"I know'd it. By glory! she's a beauty, Harry; an' she's just as good as she is pooty; that's what I call a good gal. How's that?"

"I shall not dispute you."

"Of course ye won't. Hello! who's that?" They had been very near to the house, and the object which had attracted the trapper's attention was a person just coming over the

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bridge. They stopped, and soon found it to be a woman, in tattered garments, with a small bundle entwisted over her shoulder by a stick.

"Started Mecca?" demanded Mark, whose sort of a center is that town to him.

She looked wild and wan. She was of middle age—perhaps forty, perhaps fifty—with a thin, pale face, and with great black eyes that had a staring, startled look. Her hair was black as the plumage of a raven, and hung in long masses over her back and shoulders, the only covering upon her head being a piece of knit wound around, and knotted behind. Her features, though now sharp and angular, were singularly regular; and Harry Marshall, who had had some experience in reading physiognomy, decided that she must once have been very beautiful. She looked first upon the stranger, and then fixed her gaze upon Harry. There was a sort of fascinating power in the gaze of those great black eyes, and the young man felt a strange thrill of uneasiness.

"Do you seek any one here?" he asked, moving as though he would avoid the glance that troubled him.

"Young man, you don't know me," she said. Her voice was low and hollow, without inflection, and yet not pleasant to the senses. Its music was suspended, sounding like a note from the verge of the grave.

"I do not know you," returned Harry, who saw for the first time fleeted that he detected something existent in the voice.

"You know not me, young sir; but I know you very well. The face of your mother is not so easily forgotten. You were called Harry when you were a little boy; and your father was Gilbert Marshall."

"You are right. And now will you tell me who you are?"

"I am nobody, sir. I am one of those poor unfortunates whose home is in a world to come, and who have no name, nor station, nor chance nor claim on earth—sorrow and shame!"

Her voice was like the moaning of the wind in some deep cavern, and the light of her great black eyes grew deeper and more unearthly.

"I am on my way to Millbrook," she continued, "and I have come across the bridge to see if Allen Deane will give me food. Is the old man living?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall not hunger long. May I go on to his cot?"

Harry and Mark stood aside and allowed her to pass, and then followed on after her. Harry acted his old inquiry if he knew where the woman was; but he did not.

As they came out to the front door, the stranger saw Mosad upon the greensward, and upon its pebbles; and, with a start, she asked what it meant. Mark told her that it was a target, not hurt them in the night."

"Horses are not all the victims of this hour," she said. "Men shall bleed; and women shall bleed; and children shall bleed. I have seen the light of a better day; and some shall find their eyes in darkness forever more. The Lord is just—the Lord is terrible!"

With these words upon her lips she crossed the threshold, and entered the room where the clergyman and his wife were. Harry and Mark coming to immediately after her. Mr. Deane, who had been sitting by a window, looked up, and saw the woman standing before him. He arose as he beheld her, and a look of surprise overspread his countenance.

"Who is this, Harry?" he asked.

"I am weary and faint—a wanderer, seeking food."

"Food you shall have," said the clergyman, regarding her closely; "and then, perhaps, will you travelled far?"

"From the end of the earth, Allen Deane—from the end of the earth!" She spoke by this time seated her herself, and then added: "And to the end of the earth doth my journey lead."

Mrs. Deane arose and went out into the kitchen, where Nora was busy in preparation for breakfast. The stranger was soon supplied, and when the door closed behind her she said:

"Who should they be, Nora, save for me? Am I so horrible in my look?"

"Ah," cried the clergyman, "I think I know you now. Did you not once live at Millbrook?"

"Live at Millbrook!" repeated the woman, with startling emphasis. "I have never LIVED since I knew what life was. I—I understand you, sir. Millbrook was once my abiding-place, and Gilbert Marshall's wife was my mistress."

"O—ho! I remember, now," exclaimed Harry, taking a step forward. "You are the girl we used to call Mesha."

"Mesha is my name, and I once dwelt at Millbrook. You were a boy then—a playing, laughing, happy boy. How strange it seems that there is such a thing as sorrow in the world!"

"Yes, Mesha,—I have learned that there are two kinds of sorrow. God has sent a heavy curse on himself through his own sinfulness; and the other comes through accident, over which we have no control. To the latter the brave and trusting heart has become reckless; to the former it presents a bitter cup which may not be so easily dashed from the lips."

"You speak truly," said Allen Deane.

"Like a prophet!" added Harry. And with these words she sat down and rested her brow upon her hands.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Deane, "you would like to die down awhile."

"No, sir," she replied. "I only want food. I am my hungry. I will rest when I reach Millbrook."

Harry would have asked many questions, but the poor wanderer seemed anxious to avoid further conversation, so he left her to herself. He and by Nora came in and announced that breakfast was ready, and Mr. Deane and Harry then came out and sat with them at the table.

"Sir," she said, addressing Harry, "I bring not a crust of bread, and I will eat it here."

"Not for such as I am. Bring me something here and I will thank you."

Nora went to the woman's side, and placed her arm about her neck.

"Come," said the iron-hearted girl,—come and sit by my side. I know not of sorrow we will have much in each other. Hyes need a friend but not till the blessed office."

The woman gazed up into Nora's handsome face, and a moisture gathered in her strange eyes. She caught the girl's hand and pressed it to her lips, and then said, in a whisper:

"Let me sit here, and while I eat you may God to bless Nora Deane."

They would not urge her further; so, while the rest took their seats in the kitchen, Nora brought to Mesha some cold meats, and left her to eat alone.

"Mr. Deane," said Harry, after the blessing had been asked, and the simple dishes had been served, "what is this Mesha? I remember something of her, but nothing distinctly."

She belonged to your step-mother. When Rachel Elkins came to keep house for your father she brought this girl with her, and kept her for some years after she was married. At that time Mesha had the name of being a kind and faithful servant; but she was at length said to go mad. I remember her very well, and a more beautiful girl than she was in her youth I think I never saw."

"Holy Mesus!" ejaculated Mark Winter. "Who'd ever a' thought 'at that gal 'ud be black blood in her?"

"She could have had but very little," replied Mr. Deane. "She was the child of a Frenchlady, by a slave mother. This father, I think, was a cousin of Rachel's, and he gave the child to her to be rid of it."

"She is a Quadroon, then?" said Nora.

"Yes."

"I think there was some trouble when she was sent away," remarked Harry. "I have heard the old servants talk to that effect."

"There was evidently something," returned Mr. Deane, "but what it is I never learned."

"And I suppose," interrupted Nora, who had become deeply interested, "that the poor thing has run away."

"Partly," answered her father.

"O, I hope they will be kind to her at Millbrook."

"I shall return to-day," said Harry; "and I will look after her. If she seeks shelter there, she shall have it."

Nora answered him with a grateful look, and then went to see if the poor wanderer wanted anything more; and Harry and Mark left the room.

"I feel better now," the quadroon said, "and shall reach Millbrook before the sun sets. I shall look Nora's hand, and guard once more into her face. Where is Nora, you have been to see me, and I hope I may at some time repay you. Much has happened since I left, and strange things may happen again. It is not impossible that I may be able to do you good. Is he to you a friend in the hour of need."

"Always," said Harry, with tears in her eyes, "you will let me befriend you when I can. You have suffered and cast, do not refuse me such as."

Mesha kissed the hand of the noble girl, and then turned towards the door, and picked up her bundle.

"Do not stop me," she plead. "I care not to have food to eat, nor rest for my head."

She went away, and when she had turned into the path that led to the village Harry returned to the kitchen, where she found her father and Mark engaged upon the coarse fare shared next porous.

"One thing is certain," said Mark Winter, whose opinion had been asked, "ye kin n't sort 'er nigger, but she's white."

"I think not, Mark."

"Then of course ye'll go to Seyrtie. There's good men there, and they'll stand by ye. Go the fur to Swim white, an' neither ye'll be able to tell the difference."

"Yes," said Mrs. Deane, "let us go to Seyrtie."

"That is the safest course," added Harry, "but I think there will be no trouble. Let me do the thinking here."

And Mr. Deane was collecting his valuable papers Harry drew Nora away into the porch, and spoke with her in a low voice upon the past and the future.

"You were to be my wife," he said, "when you were twenty years old,—are you not?"

"Yes. You are twenty-one."

"And I am yours, dear Harry—in prosperity or adversity. Let the world frown or smile, I am the same. When your mother—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, placing her hand upon his lips. "It shall be very soon, darling," whispered she, "when I am twenty-one. Then I will shall be very soon, and then your parents may find a home at Millbrook."

Nora clung to her lover as though she feared that danger might come between them; and he, when he held her to his breast, with his stout arms about her, hoped that no power on earth or prize might not be stretched from him.

A feeling of alarm came to the soul of Allen Deane as he turned the key in the door of his cot. Should he ever see it in his home again? he roof again? He prayed that he might; and yet he felt that a change was near at hand, and was swept in away forever. He watched the wealth-laden wain until it was lost to his sight, and when interesting foliage shut them from his view he turned to his wife and daughter. He would give him strength to prevail with firmness and to endure the course which his might open before him.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARCOURNE'S CONFIDENCE.

Seyrtie was a town of some size. It was simply a small settlement, upon a bend in the river of the Swim Indians, and contained a few hundred. There were but right dwellings, and even they were scattered over a large space of land, like the mills, or more. There were also a store and four taverns. The chief of these was kept by Jonas Nelson, the attorney, and to his house Allen Deane made his way, with his wife and daughter. Nelson was at home, and he received his visitors with a warm welcome. Harry was not at all surprised when he noticed the character and quantity of baggage which they had brought with them. But he was not left long to wonder at their errand. Jonas arranged for them rooms in charge by Mrs. Nelson, and then the clergyman related to the lawyer the story of his ill Millbrook.

Jonas Nelson opened his eyes wide with astonishment; yet he was not incredulous. He knew the character of Gilbert Marshall, and he was not at all surprised that they should with to leave Millbrook. He was sorry to see his friends as was he person. He was only surprised at their boldness.

"However," he said, "they will hardly think to touch you. You are a man of wealth, and have not much my roof as long as you choose to stay."

Allen Deane said he should accept the kind offer, and that he would remain with his children for a few days until he finally. The next step was to consider what should be done with the bodies of the dead in the graveyard. Mr. Nelson thought they had better be buried at once, as the funeral must be necessary. If, at any future period, any questions should be raised in the matter, there would be ample proof. If Mark Winter would return, he would send some men to help him. Harry said that he would go for him and bear him his plan; and in a short time he was on his way to the noteworthy man who was ready to go with him. Before the trapper went away, however, Harry took him apart from his companions, and gained from him a promise that he would keep an eye open for any harm that might approach Allen Deane's household.

"For some days," said the young man, "I may be busy at Millbrook. We have trouble there, Mark."

"Fer hear's on it, Harry; an' I reckon you'll be about as much as you kin attend to of ye keep matters on the chalk line. Howsomever, I'll look out for 'em."

"I know that I have something to do, Mark." "An' I hope ye'll do it."

"I shall try."

"An' ye'll do no more'n that, anyhow. Well, go ahead, Master Harry; an' leave me alone for lookin' out for 'em." "I've given a few friends about in different places, an' I shall be likely to know when a gale's a-brewin' as soon as anybody. Don't be skeered o' Miss Nora. I'll keep an eye peeled in that yer direckshun, you may depend. If harm threatens her, you shall know it."

With this assurance Harry suffered Mark to depart, and then sought Nora. He found her alone, waiting for him; and he thought she looked troubled; but she smiled when he asked her if anything had roused her to fear for the future.

"It is not that," she said. "If I look troubled it is because we have been so wickedly driven from our home. I do not despair, Harry. I have faith in God, and I believe that all will come out right in the end."

"I have the same faith, dearest," replied Harry, holding her to his breast. "I believe that in the sad Right must triumph over wrong. There are many secrets. Already two thousands of noble lives have been offered up to the Moloch of war, and many more will shall be claimed. In the sad Right shall triumph; and then—then, Nora, you have been true to me, and I hope I may at some time repay you. Much has happened since we left, and strange things may happen again. It is not impossible that I may be able to do you good, or to you a friend in the hour of need."

"I shall trust you, Harry," with tears in her eyes, "you will let me befriend you when I can. You have suffered and cast, do not refuse me such as."

Mesha kissed the hand of the noble girl, and then turned towards the door, and picked up her bundle.

"Do not stop me," she plead. "I care not to have food to eat, nor rest for my head."

She went away, and when she had turned into the path that led to the village Harry returned to the kitchen, where she found her father and Mark engaged upon the coarse fare shared next porous.

"One thing is certain," said Mark Winter, whose opinion had been asked, "ye ain

five. How happy we shall be to chat little evenings!"

"Angel!"

"You must not kiss me so. Look at old Bridget, the lowest cow, how sensible her eyes are now she is looking at us. I am very sure she knows how well we understand each other."

"My good child, I am perfectly willing she should. But tell me more about that cottage of ours. It is this heaven to hear you speak of it in your soft voice, for to think that one day we shall be living in it together."

"Dear Ralph, I wanted to tell you either day, when I was going with my basket of eggs and butter to the market town. Only the first week we there, and yet my heart warms whenever I see them. The sun was shining so brightly, and a little bird came and sat upon the honeysuckle that grows over the door and sang. Such a strange song—only one note, and very clear and sweet, but also very sad. I listened for a long while, and then—shall I tell you what I did then, Wilhelm?"

"You thought of me."

"Oh, I thought of you all the time. But when the bird sang I sat down upon the threshold, that I never will cross till you lead me over it, and wept."

"Ruth!"

"Yes—I wept. For, I know not why, but the bird's song seemed a warning. And while I sat there in the sunshine, I saw a shadow pass and flow away. Never before have I heard such a note, or seen such a form. Little Ruth's eyes fear, with white spots upon its wings."

"A swallow."

"No; I know the swallow well. It was a strange sight; and the bird's song seemed to me that it had come to warn me, and that I should never live in the pretty cottage of which we have set. Wilhelm."

Her voice faltered, and her head sank down upon her lover's breast. He looked down and kissed her fondly.

"Why, you are weeping again, Ella. Silly child! You loved too much, and believed all stories and legends, you make yourself unhappy with them. How hard it is to think that the happiness is delayed for such a paltry thing as a little money. When I think of your dear Ella, I grow wild, and am half tempted to leave again Ellis and seek my fortune once more in the Russias or Muscle, and never come back till I can rich enough to claim you as my own."

"Nay—you could not have the heart to leave your poor Ella," she said, clinging to him caressingly, and smiling through the tears on his breast with her light kisses. "Have patience, and the dowry will come."

"And where from, Ella?"

"Why should I have it else said, laughingly.

"Perhaps Count Rudolph himself will come back and give it to us."

"Heaven forbid!" said the young man, shuddering, and looking up in the sky.

The glow of sunset had faded away, and the ruined towers stood out in bold relief against the darkening sky. The shadows of evening were deepening around them, the moon looked black and cold, and the night wind, creeping up the valley, whispered mysteriously among the leaves and the trees above them. Ella's eyes grew drowsy as she gazed around, and Wilhelm looked uneasy.

"Come, Ella," he said, rising from his seat. "The night is close at hand, and we shall hardly reach the village before it falls. The cocks crow are already half way through the glen, with old Bridget at their head."

"Oh, stay—a moment."

"No, for words. I will, you silly child, have you forgotten that to-morrow is the very day when this valley is filled with hunters and the neighs are here."

He laughed, and let him lead her away. But once, caused, at the sentence of the glen and looked back, as if to see whether anything whatever might be lurking there.

CHAPTER II.

Ella was the daughter of the village innkeeper, and her lover was only a clerk under the employ of a rich farmer in the neighborhood. They had little enough love to look for-ward to in the future, and yet they longed to share it together, and would have done so at once, had not the good possessed of sufficient means to furnish the little cottage on the slope of the mountain for Innkeeper was very poor, and had a large family to support—it was only two to expect aside for Ella; and Wilhelm was an orphan, and had no rich relatives to look to for helping hand. So these two lovers had little prospect of being united as soon as they could wish, they longed to each other tenderly, and set an example of fidelity to adversity which many of their wealthy friends might be ashamed of.

On the evening of which I write, they separated at the entrance to the glen, Ella hastened on to the little inn, hoping her love to seek his master's house. Wilhelm stood at the door as she entered, and several horses were being led towards the stables, but Ella saw that was dragging two lofty portmanteaus into the hall. He looked up as she came near him.

"Who is it, father?" she asked.

"Two English lords, I know from the way in which they fling their money about. They have ordered dinner in half an hour, and it is to be served in the end room that looks out on the garden. Go you and wait upon them, little Ella."

"Will they stay long?" asked the girl.

"I cannot tell. They are here to see the old castle and the haunted glen. They are mad, see, and lay aside your hat, and smooth your hair—it is quite disheveled."

"The wind, father," said Ella with a crimson blush, as she ran up the narrow staircase. He guess after her with a fond smile.

"Ay, the wind, father!" he said. "The same wind, warrant me, that used to blow when her mother walked with me in the glen one many years ago. Poor child! I wish Wilhelm had as much gold as he has honesty, and she would be a rich and well long for her wedding day."

When Ella came down into the hall, where the dinner was ready and the guests sitting at the table. They were young men, under twenty-five years of age, and were stiff and ceremonious than representatives of their respective nations are wont to be, elated and elegant. When Ella, with her black bodice and blue shirt and from ribbons in her fair hair, came to wait upon them, they looked at her admiringly and almost other surprisingly, but said nothing. For they had not long escaped from Oxford, and every one knows that Oxford men, when once shaved out from under the shiftering wings of Alma Mater, are as shy of women, (in spite of their wide-edness) as human beings can well be. Ella wondered secretly at them, and went to her own chamber after all her duties were done, thinking how much more like a bad her Wilhelm would look if he were only in their places. She was mistaken, of course, for Wilhelm, who made a gay and handsome peasant, would have been dreadfully out of place in the noble shoes of a peer of the realm—but Ella was not the first woman on earth to make a blunder—and it is a pleasant and a harmless occupation—this amusing ourselves by thinking our own graces, aware. The next day was spent by the brothers, Ralph and Edward Clare, for so their owners had given us their names, in visiting the ruins and climbing the heights behind the castle, and the mountains still beyond. They came home late in the afternoon, terribly tired, but in high spirits, and with the wonders of the place.

"I mean to stay here for a month," cried out Ralph, the elder brother, as Ella filled his cup for the fourth time with strong black tea. "A month pretty modest, do you ever visit the ruins?"

"Often, sir. I was there only yesterday just before you came," and at the thought of Wilhelm the young girl blushed beautifully.

"And now tell us truly—did you ever see one of those wonderful white ladies you are said to prowl about the place? My brother and I have been in every corner, and only begged them as chivalry as we doubt, to appear, but they did not take the slightest notice of us, or our hesitation."

"Perhaps, sir, if it had been at night, they would have been more ready to see you," said Ella with a certain candle, that was answered by another, simply together from Edward Clare.

"Do you mean to say, my good girl," he asked, "that you really believe all that old ghost the ghosts in the glen?"

Ella looked first at one brother, then at the other, as the night of the two.

"No was a warning old man to doubt," persisted the young man, smiling at her evasion. "But do you ever see them, miss Ella?"

"No, sir, because I never went to the glen on this night—and they appear to me only then."

"I wish all ghosts had as good manners," exclaimed Ralph. "What do you say, Edward; will you go up to the castle with me this night?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow. I have not the slightest desire to meet any of the old castle people. I prefer friends in the body to friends out of it."

His brother laughed scornfully.

"Ah, I thought so. You are afraid to go, and so am I. We stay as well own it; and you, Miss Ella, you, too, must own that you are afraid to go there if I offered gold enough?"

"Oh, no."

"Why?"

"No one would go for love or money into the glen to-night."

"Would not you?"

Ella hesitated and turned paler pale. She did not like to own that she would dread, for she had never ventured there on any evening; and this of all others. Edward Clare saw her perplexity and enjoyed it.

"Come, pretty one, confess you are a coward like all the rest of us."

"I am not, sir."

"Prove it, then," he said, jestingly. "Will you go to the castle to-night, and I promise to give you some gold to on ever had in your life."

"How much, sir?"

"Why, what a fifty of our English sovereigns safely you?"

"What nonsense, Edward," exclaimed his brother. "You shall not tempt the poor child with such foolish bribes. Heaven forbid!"

"Let me alone, Ralph. I have not the slightest fear of her going. Will you go, Ella, or do you not? I will give you the fifty sovereigns, and you shall have them to-morrow. Surely your intended friend would not refuse to accompany you so far as the castle gates. But beyond those you must proceed alone. Do you agree to this?"

Ella stood and thought. Fifty pounds! Why, she and Wilhelm could live in splendor for such a sum as that. They could take the very next week together chose. And it was nothing wrong she was asked to do. The spirits were really absent, as people said, they could not have the least to hurt a man whom they like her. And her foster-mother, old Gretchen, had told her how her father's house had been saved from ruin by the ghost of a murdered countess, or miller's daughter. Ride at home to Gretchen; this is to be done for the sake of her."

He rose from the table and took up Gallgnani. And Ella went out of the room, feeling, I dare say, much as the martyrs must have done when the castle in the air so high that they quite upset the sun upon her head, and the fifty golden fortune down upon the ground again. She ran to her mother's bedside, however, and found her engaged with her, and we all know that when two women lay their heads together, the best is to be sure to be hoodwinked immediately afterwards.

That evening, when Ella brought in the coffee, she found Edward Clare sitting in the fire alone and looking thoughtfully into the blaze. His brother's cards he had enjoyed, but seeing who it was sat down again.

"Well, my little ghost-seer."

"Did I startle you, sir?"

"Not at all. To tell the plain truth, I was thinking about the old castle. What kind of a night is it?"

"Fine and bright, sir; and the moon is shining."

He got up and went to the window.

"So it is. Do you know, I cannot get the grim out of my mind. I saw a lonely place that looked so dreary and of pent that the river makes by the old bridge as it runs on to the sea, that we small a stream was the Rahn itself! Do you know the place?"

"Oh, so well. It is my favorite spot, and always sit there when I visit the glen. And often I have sat there for hours—never speaking to any one—thinking of things which make the water and thinking."

"I understand. There is a magic about the place, I think. It fascinated me to-day, and I and Ralph will be forced to come and dine there one day. But did you ever see it by moonlight?"

"No, sir."

"I have a strange fancy that I should like to visit it then. I know just how the place would look—the solemn trees, the lonely hill, the old bridge, the moonlight lying on the water and swaying and shimmering about as it came up against the bridge with a sullen swell; the cool night wind blowing through the gorge and the trees shivering and whispering as it passed on—ah, yes!"

He drew a long entering sigh and peered up and down the room. Ella watched him with delighted eyes. Unschooled as she was, her mind was full of wild beauty and poetry, and the young man's words revealed a chord in her inmost heart. He was an artist and a poet; she too was a poet, though she knew it not. And the old castle and the wild river, with the silvery moonlight lying on its breast, rose up before her, her desire to see it by night grew so strong, that her last fear vanished, and she was only too eager to go.

She waited in the room, and the young man, confident that she would not disappoint him, remained absorbed in it, as we are always ashamed of what is best and noblest within us, begin to laugh.

"Well, Ella, do you think I have gone out of a mad way for nothing? Speak, my boy, and feeling that you should like to set off this moment for one hundred pounds."

She smiled, and began to say what she and Gretchen had arranged should be said.

"Ah, sir, I think you are quite right, and that it is not safe for me to go. But I have been speaking of it to some one, and if you really wish it, two other persons will go."

"Two persons!"

"No, sir—two women." The men would be afraid, and a she-visitant might appear to her white cloth above like ghosts.

"Well, well, I have a great mind to set out myself after that provoking speech."

"Two women, sir, only," she said, demurely.

"As for three old women—"

"Two young women, sir."

"Why, what would you have?" she said, lightly, "I am not afraid, and my good friend other young girl would have the same objections."

"True; well, what about these old women?"

"They are the two oldest people in the village, and will go to the gates of the castle, and one will remain there. They are the two friends of the sovereigns, the other fifties."

"Bravo!" said Edward Clare, "a monopoly of ghosts."

"Would you like the mystery explained, Miss Ella, or would you like to know if nothing is there or not?"

"Oh, I cannot wish."

"Then I will send there. Tell your old women to make themselves comfy—I am no coward, or I am afraid of the ghosts, and therefore they can get to the glen."

"Oh, sir, you are very kind," she said, with a look of lurking mischief in her blue eyes, "I suppose that you will be ready to start in half an hour before they go."

"Yes," he said, cheerfully. "Give the dear old ladies a bottle to carry with them, if they like it. I will go and see what they can have, and sally with a dozen of champagne, and if anything more sensational came near me, I will offer it to battle. Are your friends provided with bottles?"

"Oh, no."

"Yes, sir."

"And I hope they are not cripples, either of them."

"No, sir; why?"

"Nothing—only they may find a strong pair of arms there to assist them, eh?" He said, with a look of lurking mischief in her blue eyes, "I suppose that you will be ready to start in half an hour before they go."

"Yes," she

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 33.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, JULIAN MAJORIAN, ATHEMIUS, RICIMIER AND ODOACER.

The Emperor Honorius died in the year 423. The Roman empire of Rome had now been, for several centuries, in the convulsions of dissolution. Vice, at this time, shone in all its native glory and of nearly all its power. A few spasmodic struggles alone remained, ere the empire sunk into its grave. Theodosius, the powerful emperor of the East, by the right of his sword, placed his cousin Valentinian on the disciplined throne of the Cæsars. At the same time he also suffocated to Eudoxia, the infant daughter of Theodosius. All the many lines of princes were cut off a large slice from the eastern frontier of the Roman empire which he dismembered in his convulsions.

During the minority of Valentinian, his mother Placidia, administered the government. Being an exceedingly ambitious woman, she was guilty of the most atrocious and unpardonable of earthly crimes,—that of exercising the art of leading him into all dissolute habits. She had two generals to contend with for empire, who, in their achievements, exhibited the last exploits of Roman energy and power. Generals, the King of the Visigoths, ruled in Africa and waged that realm like the simoom of the desert. The wealthy Moors formed an alliance with the privileged warriors from Germany, and together they wielded apostles and pagans in the unchecked career of conquest.

The bath of the African continent which bordered the Mediterranean was very populous and wealthy. Under the Roman dominion lands were generously cultivated. The Vandals seldom spared age or sex in their indiscriminate massacres. Augustine, the celebrated Christian bishop of Hippo, fled from the dominion of Rome. The Rome, in almost countless numbers, having conquered the Eastern empire to purchase peace with them, by the payment of an annual subsidy, commenced their march for the subjugation of the West. The world-renowned Attila, whose devastations had secured for him the designation of the "Scourge of God," led these brutal legions. Terror was before them and desolation behind. The decaying empire could no longer command resources to withstand the emperor, helpless, sheltered behind the walls of Ravenna, quickly ceased to purchase peace with the invaders by offering Attila his sister in marriage, with an immense dowry. No tongue can tell the woe with which these barbarians were desolating Italy. Five hundred thousand of the most savage "dogs of war" ever let loose upon earth swept the realm. All Venice was going to fauns and slaughter. A few thousand wretched fugitives escaped to some marshy islands which were slightly elevated above the waves of the Adriatic. Here they founded the Republic of Venice, that beautiful city of the sea, whose subsequent splendor almost rivalled that of ancient Rome. Attila boasted that "the grass never grew upon that spot where my horse has placed his hoof."

The haughty warrior condescended to accept the bride the Roman emperor offered him as a ransom for Italy, and once more the West was gladly sent to his barbaric palace, beyond the Danube. The bewildered princess was conveyed to him under a strong and splendid escort, and, as was befitting a monarch, the nuptials were celebrated with great festivity and pomp. Hesiod with wine, the lusty savage retired to the apartment with his bride. The morning dawned, but neither the king nor the princess appeared from the nuptial chamber. Hour after hour passed and the attendants ventured no interruption. At length alarm spread through the palace. Timidly the door was opened. The princess was found in the bedside veiled, and almost dead with terror. Attila was in the bed, a cold and lifeless corpse. In the night an artery had burst, and he was unbefriended in his ear-hood. His funeral was attended by his warriors with hideous orgies. In military evolutions the wild-steed, under the wheeled around the corpse, singing funeral songs, and gashing themselves with their keen blades. "A chieftain," they said, "should be honoured, not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors."

There was a short respite for Rome. But the cup of her iniquities was full, and divine vengeance could no longer linger. The Vandal king was a thoroughly corrupt and shameless man. A Roman lady of beauty and piety he so grossly wronged, that her husband, the senator Maximus, plunged a dagger into the wretch's heart. The soldiers rewarded the regicide by placing the crown upon his head. Eudoxia, the widow of Valentinian, appealed for vengeance to Genseric, the Vandal king, who had conquered and ravaged Africa. Instantly the barbarian prepared for the opportunity to invade Italy. With a large fleet he crossed the sea, entered the Tiber, captured Rome after a severe battle, in which Maximus was slain. For fourteen days the miserable city was surrendered to be sacked by the Moors and the Vandals.

Eudoxia herself and her two daughters were carried off into Africa as slaves. Thousands of Roman youth of both sexes, free born Romans, were compelled to drink of that bitter cup of slavery which their fathers had so often pressed to the lips of others. "With what measure ye meete it shall be measured to you again." The young men were compelled to serve barbaric tyrbes in the most menial service, while the proud matrons and maidens of Rome were doomed to the ignominy of becoming Moorish wives. History vainly teaches that God is an avenger.

The dismembered empire, with its capital in ruins, surrendered to anarchy, was again without a head. The senate chose Julius Majorian Emperor. The soldiers in Gaul chose one of their generals, Avitus, to the imperial crown. The two Emperors were marching against each other, with all the horrors of civil war, when Attila providentially died. Julius now ordered Avitus to be executed, and Vandalia was at peace. But those fierce warriors rported his effeminate hands as warriors scarce sharp. They then crushed Julius, and in five days he died bitterly. He was assassinated also. He left no heir. We can only say that he was crowned and died.

Rizly was now so utterly demoralized, that it could not make even an effort to redeem itself. In compassion the emperor of the Western Empire sent from Constantinople a man by the name of Athemius, clothed in imperial purple, and endowed with power to place him upon the throne. Rome, feeble, poor and proud, received the gift with joy. The tumult of a mob Athemius chanced to be slain. The ringleader of the mob, a Roman bully, Richmier by name, endeavored to grasp, in his own hands, the tangled web of power. For forty days the mob, under Richmier, held Rome. They were guilty of pillage, plunder, debauchery and violence, and the guilty city drank the cup of its iniquities to the dregs. The wretched Richmier indulged in such boundless excesses that he died, overcome by intemperance and suddenly died.

Constantinople in despair sent another emperor, Olibrius, to endeavor to arrest the progress of anarchy in Rome. For seven months he struggled against unsurmountable difficulties, and in exhaustion died. Several years now passed away and Italy was without a sovereign and without a government. Imperial Rome, dismembered of all its provinces but Italy, in the condition of a clamoring, surging, mongrel mob, that she once could get a hearing. No one had sufficient prominence to rally a party. Rome was the scene of misrule for the remainder of the 5th century. We study history to little profit if we do not learn from the past lessons for the future. The foul rebellion which issued in the dismemberment of the empire, and its consequences as with the same ruin which has befallen our own land. Slavery, which was the cause of crushing out this rebellion with an iron hand, and in unbounded wrath, has left the nation in a constitution transmitted to us from our fathers.

PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

Our city stages and rail cars are called, by a conventional fiction, vehicles for the accommodation of the public. They might be more properly designated as vehicles for the torture of the public. The element of guiltless travellers—or dungeons on wheels for the punishment of unoffending persons who are kept in close confinement for terms varying from ten to fifty minutes, according to the will of the driver, conductor, and disobeyed, unobeyed laws fled, writes the law is over. As regards ventilation, scourge and punishment, there is no road to which, in comparison, the slim passengers by the Penitentiary road, known as "Black Maria," can not distinctly advantage over the ladies and gentlemen conveyed down Broadway in the horse-car daily at A. M., and up town from 4 to 6 P. M. in rail cars. Considered as a means of locomotion and consequence, because the drivers who have charge of them enter the world and mingle with the people much as those passengers as if they were human beings, the stages and horse-cars are more closely packed into a Railroad freight car with more intelligence and consideration for the undersigned upon respectable Christians by the conductors as a class than upon any other. The other day we saw a decently dressed woman literally hauled by the collar, dragged from the front to the rear of a car in order to be ready for changing into the next and the instant the car stopped.

Records are posted in nearly all these conveyances requesting passengers not to stand on the platforms, and to pay their fare on entry or exit. Yet as long as there is a "cigo of vantage" in which to torture a passenger, by leaving the other dangling in air, the conductors will be found in the platform. The companies send the companies to tear down the printed "rules," for consistency's sake. Everybody knows that the only conductor who ever gets promotion literally would be forthwith dismissed.

Is there any remedy for evils which are to be abated? Is the corrupt coalition between the corporate authorities and the evil element of the stage interest really too strong for the people? Is Monopoly king? Are the citizens divided into Common Council, and non-shockholding members of companies? Is there nothing left but corruption, and whose conscience weigh all questions by the balance of gold, or servants for this great community? So it seems. And while we are in the midst of a presidential election day comes round and vote the right men into the right places, and the right will be for us.

We want a law in relation to public vehicles like that which exists (and is rigidly enforced) in London. There the number of passengers to be carried by every class of public conveyance is distinctly specified, and the conductor of the act involves a penalty of twenty-five dollars

FOLLOWING THE FLAG.

As the progress of our armies enables the United States to extend its authority, and its civilization, to resume its intercourse with the North, the Lincoln Government has seized upon it as one of the opportunity to renew their acquaintance with our people. Families among Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Louisiana daily receive visits from the agents of the sole acquisition of territory made by our soldiers, and the sale of goods at wholesale. The rear of our old friends, returning to feast on the good things which their liberal appetites scattered by long obedience, wish to resume their old friendly intercourse. Even in cities where the Rebellion interrupted it, and, as every citizen of the South understood, we have no difficulty in complying with their request. In the shadow of the Capitol, the Government officials who have been absent on a long journey, to return to their homes and to their old boarding-house individuals. It is pleasant to know that thousands of our former customers in the South have eagerly seized the first practicable opportunity to commence trade with us, and that even the Old Flag goes the Lincoln follows in its wake. The commercial instinct of our armies is as distinctly marked in the Lincoln's authorities as on the military map.

— CAPITAL STORY.—On the sixth page of this number of the LEDGER will be found a most excellent and interesting story, entitled "Hawthorne Lodge." The narrative is full of those romantic and mysterious incidents which, while they perplex the mind and keep the heart in pain, at the same time the most pleasing to the imagination and the fancy.

TEACHING AFOOT.

Aristotle settled his scholars into the philosophy of his day. He did not pin them down to desks and forms. He permeated them through the hybridity of insanity at the rate of from three to five miles an hour. Hence he was called the "founder of the peripatetic school." And a very excellent school it is. There is much to be learned on one's legs—especially of human nature, of which nobody ever gains even a smattering by perpetually sitting still and poring over books. Alexander the Great was one of Aristotle's pupils, and a striking example he was of the benefits of this peripatetic discipline of education. If the great subdues and civilizer, had been a stop-along over-indoors scientific professors and logical syllogisms, ten hours out of the twenty-four, in the synagogue, classically stage of his existence, do you think he would ever have conquered the world? Not he. His brain would have been addled and he would have been good for nothing for practical purposes, which are the true purposes of life after all. We have no undue reverence for the ancient sages. Much of their philosophy was sheer humbug. But the old Macedonian Peripatetic, so far as his plan of teaching was concerned, was, to speak familiarly, a trump. His mind was expansive and conversational. He walked and taught at the same time. He gave and took ideas. He whose pupils could walk while scoring their memories with important facts, was the teacher

FAITED SUMMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

As for my verdant grounds I sing,
Who feels the last bright summer-day,
Is like the month of other year,
A prison, and the hours have to weigh
A gladness that surpasses speech,
Inspire my breast.

And thou set with me, Soul of Song,
That bear the cradle all along,
Whose'er my flect might roam,
That gives me exhaustless store
The exercises of a stylist's feet
Into my home.

Though years the rose-tint shred away
From rounded cheek, and halt grow gray,
And joys went hurrying past,
Yet still dilate then thy pure nostrils,
Oh, dear Companion! thou remain
Even to the last.

For sweet 'twould be thy voice to hear
When other sounds forsake the ear,
Though lover, child nor friend
Should at my bidset send appeal,
Still fond and faithful be thou near,
Even to the end.

Then toe set with me. Faith serene,
Whose plant nurtures the thoughtful scene,
And gathers between
From you pure cloth of fit pierce the cloud,
And from the flowers that fill the shroud
In stainless white.

I will not say those friends are dead
Who only from my sight have fled
A little while before,
For dying flowers they backward steer,
And where on with music through
Their open door.

Nor will I sigh farewell to thee,
Brief Summer, with thy smile of glee,
For if there earth is still
To me, upon those shores of time,
I look for pleasures more sublime,
A dwelling in a better clime,
Above risen Whitby coast.

Harpford, Conn., August 31st, 1857.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVII.

RECOVERY.

"Sometimes I know. Oh, glad it come alone!
When every heart is full of hope for men,
And every tongue is tuned to sweet accord,
Christ-tell. This season's blessings all around
Wanton there, and for some short of mankind is folded:
And yet, amid the universal joy,
I feel unmoved, as though of the Feast at least
Shall be the celebrant! Oh, that I could
Partake of it with the kindred of my home,
Or with the friends I recover!" OTWAY MASSINGER.

Awful as the anguish of his parting with Claudia had been, it was not likely that Ishmael with his strength of intellect and will would long succumb to despair. It was not in Claudia to make his life-long trouble. Ishmael knew could it be so while Rec cared for him?

But had loved Ishmael as fond as Ishmael had loved Claudia. She had loved him when he was a boy at school, when he was a young professional teacher; when he was a law-student; and she loved him now that he was a successful barrister. This love founded in esteem and honor, had constantly deepened and strengthened. To loving Ishmael, she found mental and spiritual development; and to her proper bias and doing him good, she found comfort and happiness. And being perfectly satisfied with the present, Rec never gave a thought to the future. That she loving Ishmael, belonging to God.

On the afternoon succeeding Ishmael's visit to Claudia, Rec was sitting in the parlor awaiting the perfect devotion to the Christ Claudia, during a pang, she went and busied herself with domestic duties, or played with the children in the nursery, or what was better still, or at least supposed to be little Lu's "sleepy time" she would take her baby-sister up to her own room, sit down and fold her to her breast and rock and sing her to sleep. And certainly the sight of those happy arms about her neck and the nestling of that baby-form to her bosom drove out all the heartache and soothed all the agitation.

Except these little domestic passages Rec had always been blest in loving. Her love, all unrecognized in her second, was still the sweetest thing in the world to her; and it seemed true, because in fact it was so well supported by her mind and so entirely unselfish. It seemed to be her life, or her soul, or any and both. Rec was not metaphysical enough to decide which.

She would not struggle with her love, or try to conquer it, any more than she would have striven against and tried to destroy her mental and spiritual life. On the contrary she cherished it as she did her religion of which it was a part; she cherished it as she did her love of God, with which it was united.

And the future? Like the way, if she should fail to marry him, Rec resolved never to marry another. But to live and die a maiden—still cherishing, still hiding this most precious love in her heart as a sister hides her brother. Whether or benign Nature would have permitted the mother's little maiden to have carried out this resolution, I do not know;—or what Rec would have done in the event of Ishmael's marrying another, we did not know.

When Claudia went away, Rec in the midst of her regret at parting with her cousin, felt a certain sense of relief; but when the true effect of that departure upon Ishmael, she became alarmed for him; and after the terrible experience of that day and night, Rec's one single thought in life was—Ishmael's recovery.

On the morning succeeding that dreadful day and night, Ishmael awoke early, in full possession of his senses. He remembered all the incidents of that trying day and night; reflected upon their effects; and resolved to tear himself from the burden and guilt of inordinate and sinful affections.

Then he arose, made his toilet, read a portion of the scriptures, offered up his usual morning prayer and went below stairs.

In the breakfast parlor, he found Rec, the busy little house keeper, fluttering softly around the breakfast table and adding a few finishing touches to its simple elegance.

Very fair, fresh and blooming looked Rec in her pale golden ringlets and her pretty morning dress of white muslin with blue ribbons. There was no one else in the room; but Rec advanced and laid out her hand to him.

He took her hand and retaining it in his own for a moment, said:

"Oh, Rec! yesterday! last night!"

"I typhoid not that you would never not back again." Ishmael! hurry it; forget it; and press onward!" replied Rec, wearily and solemnly.

He raised her hand with the impulse to carry it to his lips; but refraining, bowed his forehead over it instead, and then gently released it. For Ishmael's affection for Rec was reverential. To him she appeared saintly, Madonna-like, almost angelic.

"Let me make breakfast for you at once, Ishmael. It is not of the least use to wait for the others. Hannah, I know, is not awake yet, and none of the gentlemen have rung for their hot water."

"And you, Rec; you will also breakfast now?"

"Certainly."

And she rang and gave her orders. And the coffee, muffins, fried fresh perch and broiled spring chickens speedily made their appearance.

"Jim," she said to the waiter, who set the breakfast on the table, "tell cook to keep some of the perch and pullets dressed to put over the fire the moment she hears the judge's bell ring, as that his breakfast may be ready for him when he comes down."

"Yes, miss, Miss," answered Jim, who immediately left the room to give the order; but soon returned to attend upon the table.

So it was a tête-à-tête meal, but Rec made it very pleasant. After breakfast, Ishmael left Rec to her domestic duties, and went up into the office to look after his letters and papers that had been left for him by the penny post-man that morning.

He glanced over the newspapers; read the letters; selected those he would need during the day; put the others carefully away; tied up his documents; took up his hat and gloves, and ran out to the office business at the City Hall.

In the ante-chamber of the Orphan's Court Room he met old Wiseman, who clapped him hastily on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"How are you this morning, old fellow? All right, eh?"

"Thank you, I am quite well again," replied Ishmael.

"All be! nothing like good brandy to get one up out of a fit of exhaustion."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ishmael, with a shudder.

"Well, and have you thought over what we were talking of yesterday?"

"It was——" Ishmael began, and then hesitated.

"It was about your going into partnership with me."

"Oh, yes! so it was! but I have not had time to think of it yet."

Herman Brudenell hesitated. And Ishmael, who had dropped again into his own seat, found capacity forward, holding his breath with he listened.

Herman continued:

"You remember her in person and in character, Ishmael! All that is best and noblest and most attractive in you, Ishmael, is derived under Dr. the Providence from your mother."

"I know it! Oh, I know it!"

"And you have had your mother!"

"Oh, *Herman!*" breathed the young man, in shocking, deadly reproachment, for will he remembered that this Mr. Herman Brudenell was the husband of the daughter of Herman commence at the very time of which he now spoke.

"Ishmael! Ishmael! do not look so cruelly distressed. I loved her, she loved me in return, she crowned my days with joy, and——"

A gasping sound of endearly suppressed breath from Ishmael.

"I made her my wife," continued Herman Brudenell, in a grave and earnest voice.

"It was you then!" cried Ishmael, shaking with agitation.

"It was I!"

Silence like a pall fell between them.

"Oh, Ishmael! my son! my son! speak to me! give me your hand!" groaned Herman Brudenell.

"She was your wife! Yet she died of weary, exposure and grief!" said Nora's son, calculating pale and stony before him.

"And I—she with a breaking heart! a harder fate, Ishmael—than hers. She died, I have been a widower, childless, homeless wanderer over the wide world. Oh, Ishmael! my son! my son! give me your hand!"

"I am my mother's son! She was your wife, you say; yet she never bore your name! She was your wife; yet her son and yours bore her maiden name! She was your wife; yet she perished miserably for her very needs, and undeserved reproach is suffered to rest upon her memory! Oh, sir! if indeed you were her husband and my father, as you claim to be, explain those things before I give you my hand! For when I give my hand, honor and respect must go with it! All! Ishmael, in a grave, said Ishmael, not less.

"Is it possible that Hannah has never told you? I thought she would have told you everything, except the name of your father."

"She told me everything that she could tell without violating the oath of secrecy by which she was bound, but what she told me was very unsatisfactory."

"Sit down then, Ishmael, sit down; and though to recall this woeful history will be to tear open old wounds afresh, I will do it, since when you have heard it, you will know how unjustly you have wronged your mother—unjustly were, and how deep has been the tragedy of her life, as well as hers—the deliberate work of us being that have in a dead trouble, from which we cannot recover, and which will be a grief to us life-long sorrow!"

Ishmael drooped again into his chair and gave undivided attention to the speaker.

And Mr. Brudenell, after a short pause, commenced and gave a narrative of his own eventful life, beginning with his college days, and ending all the incidents of his youthful career until it culminated in his fatally honorable connection with Nora, called his family and blasted his own happiness forever.

Ishmael listened with the deepest sympathy. It was indeed the tearing open of old wounds to recount the history, but it was also the first unfolding of new ones to Ishmael's heart. It was the first revelation to Ishmael of his birth. Herman did not spare himself in the relation; and Ishmael could not but acquit his father of all blame. We know indeed that in his relations with Nora, Mr. Brudenell had acted as honest honor could be called a fault. And as for his marriage with Nora, Ishmael could not blame him for that, since Ishmael never knew a woman for whom he would not have considered himself honored in marrying. Ishmael never knew a woman for whom he would not have considered himself honored in marrying. There's nothing original in me

Except myself, and I'm not sure of that.

Ishmael smiled.

"And, now, will you follow my advice?"

"To the letter, dear Sir, whenever you are so good as to favor me with it."

"Then, my son, I advise you to leave this accompanies in yourself all that I have missed of happiness and everything to compensate for the weariness love of mother, sister, friend."

"Oh, sir! you are very kind! I really did!" said Rec, impulsively; and then she paused, for I can possibly manage to go, without inflicting upon my duties, I shall be grateful! Ishmael expressed himself happy to avail myself of it; for—do you know, sir?—I was born in this neighborhood and passed my childhood and youth there. I love the old place, and almost long to see the old hut where I lived, and the old hall where I went to school, and the wooded valley that lies between them, where I gathered nuts in the fall and fruits and flowers and nuts in winter, and—my mother's grave," said the unfortunate, speaking confidentially, and unconsciously looking straight into his father's eyes.

Herman Brudenell sat motionless, in a fainting voice, and forgetting to be formal, "yes must come to me; that grave should not be one if nothing else; it is a green pilgrimage when a son goes to visit his mother's grave."

There was something in this new friend's words, look and manner that always drew out the young man's confidence, and he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"She died young, sir; and oh! so sorrowful! I was only seventeen years and two years younger than I am now; and, her son was the only protector she had to cherish."

Violent emotion shook the frame of Herman Brudenell. He had not entered the house with any intention of making a disclosure to Ishmael; but he felt now that—some life, came to him, at once—the moment—night of it—he must claim Nora's son.

Ishmael, he began, in a voice shaken with agitation, "I knew your mother."

"Sir!" exclaimed the young man in surprise.

"Yes, I knew her and her sister, naturally, for they were tenants of mine."

"I was not then they lived on the outskirts of the Brudenell estate; but I did not know you were personally acquainted with them, sir; for I thought that you resided mostly in Europe."

"So! all the time: I was at Brudenell Hall when—you were born and your mother went to Heaven, Ishmael!"

Some of the elder man's agitation communicated itself to the younger, who half arose from his seat and looked intently at the speaker.

"I knew your mother in those days, Ishmael. She was not only one of the most beautiful women of her day, but one of the purest, noblest and best."

Herman Brudenell hesitated. And Ishmael, who had dropped again into his seat, bent eagerly forward, holding his breath with he listened.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

you a true and loving son; but I cannot, *cannot* consent to your proposal; because to do so would be to cast bitter, heavy, unmerited reproach upon my sweet mother's memory! For, listen; sir; you are known to have been the husband of the Countess Haraldmarcesse for many years then I have lived in this world; you are known to have been so at the very time of my birth; you could not go about explaining the circumstances to every one, who would become acquainted with the facts, and the consequence would be what I said: No, father, leave me as I am; for besides the reasons I have given, there is yet another reason why I may not take your name."

"What is that, Ishmael?" asked Brudenell, in a solemn voice.

"It is, that in an hour of passionate grief, after leaving my mother's world story from the lips of my soul, I did upon that mother's grave, and vowed to make her name—the only thing she had to leave me, poor mother!—illustrious. It was a place of boyish take-glory, no doubt; but it was a vow, and I must try to keep it," said Ishmael, fatally smiling.

"You will keep it; you will make the name of Worth illustrious in the annals of the country, Ishmael," said Mr. Brudenell.

There was a pause for a little while, at the end of which the latter said:

"There is another way in which I may be able to accomplish my object, Ishmael. Without proclaiming you as my son, and risking the reproach you dread, I may make another testamentary, I might adopt you as my son and appoint you my heir. Will you consent to this by consenting to *that* measure, Ishmael?" inquired the father, in a pressing tone.

"Dear sir, I cannot. Oh, do not think that I am insensible to all your kindness, for indeed I am not! I thank you; I love you; and I deeply sympathize with you, my father!

"But what, my son! when is the reason you cannot agree to this last proposal?" asked Mr. Brudenell, in a voice again full of anxiety.

"A strong spirit of independence, the growth of years of lonely struggle with the world, prompts me, my father. I could not for an hour endure patronage or dependence upon my own; there are those who have them, I know, but they might. It is the law of my life," said Ishmael, firmly but affectionately.

"It is a noble law, and proves his born a noble life, my son. But—is there nothing, nothing I can do for you in the way of affection, and to ease my heart, Ishmael?"

"Yes!" said the young man, after a pause. "When you return to England, you will see—Lady Isaura?" The voice was subdued with a sigh.

"Tell her what you have told me—the history of your acquaintance with her, and of your mutual love; your present marriage; and the unforeseen misfortune that has marred your happiness! Tell her how pure and noble and lovely my young mother was! Tell her—you will skip my lower ones for all Mora Worth was—" Ishmael turned his face with his hands, caught his breath, and continued—"not, as she said, 'the shame of her own generation and scorn of ours;' that her son is not 'the child of sin,' nor 'the heritage of shame.'" And Ishmael dropped his sturdy head upon his arms and sobbed aloud; a sobbed until all his athletic form shook with the storm of his great agony.

Herman Brudenell gazed at him—spoke. Then, rising, he laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder, saying:

"Ishmael! Ishmael! don't do so! Calm yourself, my son; oh, my dear son, calm yourself!"

He might as well have spoken to a tempest. Soothe could Ishmael's wild grief be.

"Oh, heaven! oh, heaven! World to the Lord I had never been born!" cried Herman Brudenell, in a voice of such utter woe, that Ishmael raised his head and his strangled hard to subdue the storm of passion that was raging in his bosom. "Or would that I had died the day I met Nora, and before I had outlived all this anguish and shame!" continued Herman Brudenell, sunk groans and sighs.

"Hush, my father! hush! don't *say so!* You were not to blame. You were as blameless as she herself was; and you could not have been more so," said Ishmael, wiping his fevered brow, and looking up.

"My generous son! But did Claudia—did Lady Vincent tell you that I was not your father?" asked, against your mother and yourself?"

"No; my father. It was—I—I who first found it!" exclaimed Ishmael, with sinking voice and quivering features.

"I know you have; I know it, Ishmael; but you have greatly, gloriously suffered and suffering," said Mr. Brudenell, with enthusiasm.

"Not suffered, my father. Only I shall endeavor to do so," replied the young man, who had now quite regained his self-possession.

And another pause fell between them.

Ishmael busied his head with his hand and reflected deeply for a few moments. Then, raising his head, he said:

"My father, for *her* sake, our relationship must remain a secret from every one. Think of the few exceptions of those intimate friends in whom you can explain the circumstances of our case, and who must be imparted in confidence. You will tell Lady Vincent, that her infidelity may have now three years to be proved, the poisonet herself to repeal; and Judge Merlin and Mr. Maddison, whose evidence have enabled them to the confidence, for their own satisfaction."

"And no one else, Ishmael?"

"No one else, my father," replied the young man, with a sigh. "Now, my father, I must leave you. And in public, my father, we must be distant, and I must never come with each other. Forgive me if I speak to too distant a manner; I speak now for *her* that are dumb in death. I speak as my dead mother's divorce," said Ishmael, in a tone of bitterness of sadness and drearness in his tone and manner.

"And her accuser shall be heard and heeded, heed at the suitable season, my son. Oh, that I did not broken you, Ishmael. I had hoped, in time, to make you as my son and relase my age in your bright youth. I am grievously disappointed; but would be a selfish man to take charge of you in your infancy, and then you would reclaim me now?" sighed Mr. Brudenell.

"I do not disclaim you, sir, my father; I only renounce the publicity that would wound my mother's memory. And you are not old and broken, my father. How can you talk of death? You are in the many summer noon of your life; you are to be honored and to be loved and body; and you are my moral and sensitive. I have nothing to do with you but with your fellow-creatures, and bound over that and and tempting power; but I have no fear of it, father; its wounds are long since healed in every heart but yours; my mother has been but for a moment, and never of the glory that is now revelating to everlasting. You was of martyred, her martyrdom was as the grief of a her."

Herman Brudenell smiled mechanically, and then said:

"Apropos of my visit to Brudenell Hall! I hope, Ishmael, that you will be able to join me there during the course of the summer?"

"Father, yes! I promise you to do so. I will be able to pay my business in such a train as will enable me to visit you for a week or two."

"Thanks, Ishmael! And now, do you know I think the first dinner bell may sometime ago and it is time to dress?"

And Herman Brudenell arose and after pressing Ishmael's hand, left the library.

The interview between Ishmael with the much feeling brought to attain of his meeting for sometime. He sat by the table buried in a deep study, when upon all that he had heard, until he was startled by the pushing out of the room bell. Then he sprang up, hurried to his chamber, hastily arranged his toilet, and was down just as the dining room doors had been thrown wide open.

A PIONEER ADVENTURE.

BY SHERMAN BENNETT.

In the year of our Lord 1791, the little town of Manchester, Ohio, on the Ohio river, was laid out by General Rufus Putnam, and settled under the auspices of Colonel Ainsworth General Nathaniel Massie, and others, who had been enterprising spirits of his time in the Western country. Many of the settlers were from Massachusetts, and by many years followed the business of surveying, which was very much in demand through many hardships and perils. Having been one of the number, I will endeavor to give a liberal offer to a limited number of families if they will settle around me. I had selected a section of the knolls of the sleeping savage, when I was a resolution to settle there, and a speedy return to his home and family.

This was the fourth settlement within the limits of the present State of Ohio. It stood alone in the wilderness, and was the first white man, depressing solely upon itself for protection against the Indians. Nearly two years on the opposite side of the river, was the nearest settlement to us, and that was a small station on its own, or the Ohio side, there was no place was false to you."

It might naturally be supposed, that a settlement at such a point, and under such circumstances, as it were, of the Indians, would meet with an early visit from the latter. This was never checked—probably for the reason that the Indians were divided in regard to the hunters of the border, and could never be assured of their friendship, but were not hostile to it, nevertheless, and more than one of its inhabitants had the cruelty of killing a fallen tree on a little too carless.

Mr. Jacob Lewis, a native of New Siberia, met with a rather serious adventure in this manner. He was engaged in felling a tree on the summit of a hoar that he had seen pass the fort, and had gone out to kill a deer. He succeeded, but there been but one, he might, on the impulse of the moment, have made an attempt to steal his own life. He had shot a deer, with the hope of a chance of killing and being killed; but with the deer he had succeeded in the death of himself, with life swept as a prisoner, so thinking quickly he ceased fire. Then he loaded his gun, his weapon and held up his open palms in token of his friendship, and finally by a gesture ordered taking his rifle; for besides the fact that they could not shoot, but one at a time, and after all he discovered them, they were uttered grants of his weapon, and he was left to his fate. The Indians were in the habit of taking prisoners, and Lewis knew that he was not to be killed.

"Don't know what kind of a fellow I'll make you," said he, "but I'll do my best to make a prisoner now, that's certain," growled Sioux, as he led the way.

The younger Indian, who resembled the elder in features, but he was now pleasant and smiling of buffalo hide, and proceeded to coure the captive's person, and to bind his arms, while the two captors took away his weapons, ammunition, his knife, and all, holding the tools little trinkets he claimed to have with him; and then, the elder going before and the younger here carried Lewis, they started on their journey.

After several hours of fatiguing march over a rough country, during which the captive's bare feet were severely lacerated by the sharp stones and brambles, they came to a halt; and the elder Indian, looking back at his prisoner, and the white man's sufferings, kneeled down and turning to Professor Field: "Here, white man, lay back upon his feet.

"Don't know what that is!" said Sioux; "that's some human nature' into you, I see, of you be a fool."

The young warrior looks up and smiled. Then he stretched himself out, and was soon in a probably considered them complimentary. The elder Indian pondered some pulled some corn meal, mixing the latter with water, and was quite as near to starving as he could be. After giving the prisoner his proper share, and minding for his own, he ate ingloriously of the latter. Having rested for an hour or so, they resumed their journey, travelling until the night fell when they encamped in the open air, upon the bed of a little stream, where the thick-spreading branches of a gigantic tree. Here they lay down to sleep, long evidently consulted upon the circumstances of the case, and Lewis, from the gestures of the elder savage, Sioux cannot defeat Sioux," and Sioux, in reply, nodded to a pole, with his hands beneath him and a rope was drawn around his wrists, and secured as though it sufficient to have him lay between them. Nearly midnight by the sun's position, and to one of theirs. The elder seemed to yield to sleep, and the younger, as the latter thought, which was the one finally put in execution.

Lewis, with the hope of escape, had kept so secured in such a way as to give him a chance of success. Shortly after the night, and he would readily have risked his life for a red the start of his captors, but he was not sure of his course, confined in the manner described, he believed it would be a useless effort to attempt to escape far away, and so he remained entirely passive physically, and resigned himself to the coming events.

Sioux, the younger Indian, was a fine specimen of the Indian race, and was about twenty-five years old, and was a handsome man, with a fine form, and a pleasant face, and a pleasant smile. He

of my practice; he asked permission to close the window, saying he was ill health and afraid of the cold. Of course I assented. Thereupon he surprised me by flashing the window wide open and leaning quickly back in his chair.

I laughed aloud, quite overwhelmed with merriment at his strange manner and coolness.

"Why do you laugh?" he said, abruptly.

"At your droll fashion of closing windows," I replied.

"You think me curious," he continued.

"Oh, no," I said; "not curious. Only not close the window after having the trouble to explain your dread of the cold and asking my permission to do so."

"Because I suspect you of being asinine," he answered. "Because I think you wished it to be open, but were willing, out of courtesy, to sacrifice your taste to mine."

"You are mistaken, sir," I said. "I prefer the window closed, and I wish you to close it, if you please."

"I won't," he said.

At this speech, being somewhat startled and vexed, I rose up suddenly and closed the window myself. He, in the meanwhile, wrapping himself still more closely in his overcoat, laughed quite as heartily at me as a little while before, I had done at him. During the rest of the journey we word was spoken on either side. From time to time, however, my brusque companion laughed quietly to himself, and, as I fancied, the recollection of his own rudeness. The ride was the most tiresome I have ever known. It came to an end, at length, however; but not before, I had a good opportunity of observing the singular brutality.

He seemed about thirty years of age, was tall, and I judged, well-shaped; for the overcoat could neither conceal nor disguise the broad shoulders and fine proportions of chest. His face, I judged, was not handsome; I could not see it well. His white hair was frosted and heavy, his nose aquiline and prominent, his chin full and square; his mouth large, with lips firmly compressed, though neither full nor thin. His eyes delighted me, and beautifully expressive; his head, broad and retiring, and his temples quite full. He pleased and at the same time repelled me, in the strangest; and I was not aware, at the moment, by, to find myself growing more and more downcast. To stop would at least be a relief to the curious restraint of his presence. Moreover, the jolting of the rickety old stage-coach brought on a severe head-ache. I settled myself comfortably in the corner of the stage, and soon fell soundly asleep; nor did I awake till we reached Dover. Post Office. Here I was soon aroused me by opening the door. As my eyes opened I became aware that my fellow-passenger had directed himself of a portion of his overcoat, and by the time I had left my slumber. The little mark of delicate courtesy touched me. I thanked him, unfortunately that he should have deprived himself of a protection so essential to the night air, but he only laughed, and I replied, "to suspect you, sir, of being asinine."

He merely nodded, taking up his coat and not deigning either to look or speak to me. I concluded assisted me to alight, then bought for the driver, upon which he was not gathered up the reins.

"Let's go, Jem," he cried to the attendant hostler, "we've wasted time enough."

"This is another curious man," I said, "but I was so glad to get out of the stage, and journey, carrying with it the eccentric stranger, who was apparently so glad to be quit of me.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW HOME.

I looked upon the departing stage till it turned round a turn in the road, and was hidden from view. The sound of its wheels, however, had not died away when the sound of other wheels, approaching from another direction, aroused me from the momentary reverie into which I had fallen. In a few minutes a carriage, which proved to be Mr. Hawthorne's, was driven up to the door. On dismounting, he in a somehow touched his hat and "typed" I was in the new governess for the family. I assented, and was assisted into the carriage, two or three persons at the door of the country store, and the post-office, looking curiously on the while, after the fashion of boors. Some two hours' ride over a hilly road, I was informed by the quality of tree on the part of the coachman, and some little relation of that functionary with the bar-maid, whom from a distance I had taken for a tree-trunk. These two, like all sweet things, come to an end, and we were presently once more in motion. A ride of half-an-hour brought us to the Lodge, of which, as we approached, I took a good survey from the carriage-window. It was a large and handsome building, both of red brick and finished with severe taste. Another building stood near it, a little to the rear; and both were, I thought, like it, "tocsond high in tufted trees." More particular observation of the premises I could not then make. The carriage stopped. I was at my new home.

A very pretty little girl met me at the hall door and led me into the drawing-room, requesting me to wait there for Mrs. Hawthorne. Left alone, I occupied some minutes in looking at the pictures about the walls, and was still intent upon the portrait of a handsome boy, apparently some seventeen or eighteen years of age, when a rustling sound near the door caused me to look around, and I found myself in the presence of that lady. A dark, placid, proud woman it was, as I saw at a glance, saw fifty years of age, and still retained the traces of her beauty. When she spoke, her voice, though musical, was full, rich, and tones were low, and her manner was almost universally haughty. She said little, however, merely rising at a formal welcome and expressing the hope that Miss Cameron would completely fill the position of governess in Mr. Hawthorne's family. I replied with a quiet assurance that I should endeavor to fulfil my duties faithfully. She bowed, and turning toward the little sister, who had left in the meanwhile returned to the room, said, very coldly:

"Madeline, my dear, you will show the lady to her apartment. This is my youngest daughter, Miss Cameron, and one of her pupils. You will be commenced to dinner almost immediately."

Saying which, she left the room. I shall notice the Miss Hawthornes hereafter, as they come to me in a marked contrast with that gentle-child on the stairs toward whom Miss Madeline. She marched, in fact, as almost to be rude. Naturally a formal being, I never protested myself with that fact of defiance for the sensitive, affection dignity and reserve.

I had hardly finished my toilet, when I was summoned to dinner. The whole family was assembled—or, at least, I judged—and to the which family Mrs. Hawthorne presented me.

"Miss Cameron," she said, "my daughters; Miss Katherine Hawthorne, Miss Augusta, Miss Ruth, Miss Madeline. My youngest son, Master Allen. My dear—The Governess."

I bowed.

Dinner went on, almost in silence. It was a long time before I looked up to see what sort of persons these were. My observation, however, was well repaid.

Miss Katherine Hawthorne was indeed a beautiful woman. A fair copy of her mother, she had the same bright, stately beauty, a very little softened, and was, I thought, more truly a lady. Miss Augusta was the very opposite of her beautiful sister—a brunette, of the most repellent type, having blue eyes and satiny hair, a complexion delicate as lilies, teeth like pearls, a slight and graceful form, and most sweet voice. Of this sister, Madeline, the youngest, was a miniature likeness; while Ruth—Alas! poor, gentle, meek, dove-eyed Ruth—I see my pale face now as then I saw it, the features drawn and distorted, the brow lined with pain, yet all heaven looking out from the soft, pure eyes! She was a deformed girl, little Ruth, and when she rose from table that day, I saw it, and saw her limp away painfully, and signed and pitied her. She was my put trom that time. As to Master Allen, he was a boy of nine or ten, with handsome face, were—as the next day I saw, when for the first time I met Mr. Hawthorne—inherited from his father. A little of the mother's haughtiness of expression sat gracefully enough upon the child and added to his beauty. Between him and Madeline and Allen—were to be our relations.

As it was already late in the week when I arrived at the Lodge, I was settled into my room, not formally enter upon my duties as Governess until the ensuing Monday. I was very glad of the second this delay, knowing that it would enable me to become more familiar with my new home, and very fully appreciating the value of that feeling of familiarity which, like a gift, many people bestow gorgeous, is the first requisite to comfort in a strange country. I was—having learned from the careless talk of the household servants—to have charge of Ruth and Augusta's, and partly inferring that Mrs. Hawthorne's education of her daughters, I concluded that Hawthorne Lodge could not always affect the quiet which it now presented, and would not be allowed one of its truest chambers, as being small and cool, for the same time as during the My wish was granted.

I passed a very quiet and clever; the eldest, indeed,—my little Ruth,—was quite a good scholar, though not remarkably so, and I reported regarding her differently. Her father, her brother Allen, and Madeline, were all absent from the child; but I observed, with pain, that her mother treated her with coldness. Not unkindness, for though half involuntary, was only too evident, but coldness, nevertheless, which chilled the poor one. In later days, as her reserve wore off, little Ruth grew to love me, but at this time which her mother's manner caused her; saying to me, indeed, in answer to my wish to see her mother's hatred and disgust, but always professing for the present that my strange companionship should be deemed sufficient. Mrs. Hawthorne was there. I shall never forget the terrible emotion of mine we said, shadowing breathless that came over poor Ruth's face, when the door opened, cold, stately, and cesm, bade her remove this flowers and not seek to make herself conspicuous with such needless beauty. I felt the blow myself. I could not meet the child's eyes. I could not offer her any comfort to offer when, hours later, as I passed to my chamber, I found her sobbing herself to sleep in the half-open door of her chamber.

With the very next day, however, I made friends at once, with Allen, by daily admitting his tops and marbles, doubling his stakes at ball, and playing with him with Madeline; by listening to so many of his childish confidences; by being for the sister of a pet kitten, given her by her father, and by other devices, entered the heart of had seen in the drawing-room, and who was away at school. Between Ruth and myself, after the tragical incident of the cat's decease.

With the two elder Miss Hawthorne were my associates in Hawthorne Lodge.

CHAPTER IV.

AT HOME.

I approach the record of a mystery. A startling occurrence in the life of Ruth, and that I saw in after days, the prelude to experiences yet more startling and terrible.

I recall the solemn night; the late-risen moon; the great trees, and the shadows they cast; the sudden unearthly music; the vision, lovely yet terrible.

Let me record these memories. I had been living little more than a month at Hawthorne Lodge. It was my habit to read by night, and my room, which was the largest in the whole chamber, till a very late hour. My windows stood open, and by the light of my lamp I entered the gauzy curtains, and walked gently to and fro, pausing sometimes to look out upon the soothed me with pleasing scents and sweet cessed. It was a night of unusual beauty. The sat there musing over the pure pages of the book I had been reading, and my mind was then in harmony with the perfect beauty and sacred spirit of the hour, when suddenly, from out of Heaven, a most delicious melody—sweet and low, but of most singular quality—a power to flooded all the air and thrilled me into the motionless enjoyment of a perfect ecstasy of delight.

It was the music of Nature.

Now it died away, and recovered my senses from this so sudden shock of joy, I extinguished the light in my room and stepped out upon the door. Still the sounds continued—delicious, unearthly, wonderful. It was a voice—a human voice—but I heard a voice of surpassing sweetness, through fraught with such anguish and sorrow as only the broken-hearted know. And now now sadness replaced my former mood of joy. The singer was of supreme vanity; I was impelled to see the storm-god face, the dark, fading of the singer.

Suddenly the voice was still. Silence, like a cloud, fell on the night and stunned me.

Still crouching at the window, I looked and listened. No sound saved the murmuring of trees. The moors, large and full, sailed up the sky in splendor.

"Did you hear it?" I began to call upon you, Good!" she said, "was the reply. "But I'm not in love with him—not I, indeed! I left that for you."

I heard no more of their talk, but went away to my room.

Three days later I made another visit to the rock, carrying with me a small lamp, and bent on exploring the walls. Arrived in the dark basement, I lighted my lamp, and at once proceeded to lit the ring-door. It could, I found, be fastened back to the wall by means of a chain which hung there for the purpose. I retreated from the aperture, allowing time for some of the foul gases to escape before I ventured upon the vault. When at length I stood in the entrance-room, I found it a much larger affair than the trap-door—I perceived the reason of my precaution. Less than the air was so rank and dense as almost to be suffocating. I looked coolly at the walls, the ceiling, the floor, and then to leave it forever. It would, I knew, be necessary to make my examination brief; and I therefore began it at once, holding the lamp above my head, and moving cautiously over the slimy floor. Suddenly, as I advanced, the rays of light flashed upon something which just a few paces before me. With a low cry of terror I stooped and glared upon it. A human skeleton, crumbling into fragments, lay there before me. For a moment the fascination of horror held me to the spot. I saw the horrible, grisly appendages; the broad expanse of bone where once had reigned the living algae of intellect; the fastidious, grinning mouth; the gaunt frame-work of the body; the long, bony hands. Then, with a shriek of horror, I fled away. Up the ladder I fled, sensing each moment that the crust of dust hung fragments through the basement—my lamp still burning on the floor. Dung—up the stairs and into the outer room! It was the work of a moment. I rushed out towards the door, the fresh breeze, blowing in, seemed to me like life. I was almost there the figure of a man started forth and confronted me. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and striped over something. In another moment I had struck him down, and was rushing forth its arms. I was caught up and set firmly upon my feet by a good-natured voice and pleasantly:

"Why, ma'am, I'm not the most convenient and obliging ghost that ever walked."

It was Allen, in his usual costume of the stage-coach.

My immediate impulse was to scold this gentleman for having frightened me almost out of my senses. But, on second consideration, I intending his liability to pervade how the discovery of our underground vault would affect us himself should anyway produce an effect on Mrs. Hawthorne. I resolved I agree this to be right.

As we left the rain together, he asked what way I was going. I replied by turning in the direction of Hawthorne Lodge.

"In that case," he said, "our paths are the same."

"How did you come here, sir?" I asked.

"By the window," he answered, coolly. "I said." Perhaps, however, it is as well."

"Why so?" I said, in surprise.

"A word will do that. I am walking this way to see a friend's house. At any rate, I've come back I saw a lady enter the house we have just left. Now, before you betray me, I'll make a few curious to catch a glimpse of the fair spirit of the rock. Come, you've promised to be silent. Your secretary on a former occasion shall to secrecy. Is it a bargain? Will you keep my secret?"

"Thank you," he said, very sincerely. "You are a kind-hearted young lady."

"But will you point out the place to me if I should wish to find it again?"

For the rest of the way we talked on in silence, or what I considered such. I had much to laugh we reached the gate, and I answered that I should not. Allen looked much disappointed on finding that it was also the end of his journey. However, he concealed his disappointment, and, with a low bow, left me.

Engaging his slight mystification, I suddenly turned back, and leaning through a side gate into the same grounds, entered the house by a side door.

"Am I speaking to the sister of Miss Augusta Hawthorne?" I said.

"No, sir."

"Is some one of her friends, then?"

"Nor yet to one of her friends."

"To whom, then, if I may inquire?"

"To a mysterious stranger," I rejoined.

Then I left the room and went to my own. Engaging his slight mystification, I suddenly turned back, and leaning through a side gate into the same grounds, entered the house by a side door.

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"No, sir."

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"To whom, then, if I may inquire?"

"To a mysterious stranger," I rejoined.

Then I left the room and went to my own.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG—THE ORIENT STAR AND MOUNTAIN ROSE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

My Love upon the mountain dwells,
In yonder Orient afar,
And here to wear on fairest brows
Its large imperial star,
A melody of flame, a sign
Of something mystic and divine!
Let meaner maidens crown with fire
Of earth in their unheavened desire.

II.

My Love upon the mountain dwells,
Where purest air forever flows,
And here to tend, a proud white Eve,
Its large imperial rose,
That angels water with the dew
From urns of Heaven's serenest blue:
Let meaner maidens in the vale
Nurse jasmines weak and lilies pale.

III.

My Love upon the mountain dwells;
Her soul is queen of all the place,
And all the quiet majesty
Is mirrored in her face:
O sacred sovran of my heart,
So emptied of all tricking art,
Lean from thy sky-kissed throne afar,
And fill me with the Rose and Star!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 33.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

TREED BY BLOOD-HOUNDS.

We were very fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Mosilikatse—more fortunate than we then supposed. We were entering an excellent hunting country, and the land of elephants was not many days distant. On the 19th we marched twenty miles, through a beautiful wood, and in the evening outspanned and camped by a fountain of fine water, where we shot two harrisbucks, and a small antelope of a species entirely new to us. After supper, as we sat beneath a magnificent mowane tree, smoking our pipes, it was suggested that Abner Jackson should tell us a story. He had, during the day, made some allusion to a certain adventure of his in the Western wilds of America, and we were anxious to hear the particulars.

Abner was a good hearted fellow, and needed but little coaxing; and having knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed a small piece of tobacco in his mouth, he told us as follows:

"Our regiment had been watching the Indians for some months, and during all that time both the quarter-master and myself had had no opportunity to replenish our stores. At length, however, it became evident that something must be done. I had no tobacco; no tea; no sugar; no coffee; and no whiskey; and you can rest assured that our ways were getting uneasy. The want of tobacco was most seriously felt. The nearest settlement, where we could hope to purchase goods, was fifty miles away, through a dense forest. After talking the matter over with the colonel, it was finally arranged that I should take one of the regimental teams—a stout narrow-framed wagon, with four big mules—and that the wagoner and a corporal should go with me. Jack Lombard was our wagoner, and the corporal detailed for this service was a Massachusetts boy, named Tom. Sturtevant. We had had scouts roaming through *the forest in that direction, and we knew there were no Indians in our way; so we were not particular about a strong guard.*

"We started early in the morning, and made ten miles the first day. We found it harder work getting our wagon along than we had anticipated. However, we should find it easier on the return, and we pushed on. The second day we made fifteen miles; and on the third day we made about twenty. This brought us to within some five miles of the settlement; and we might have pushed on further in the darkness had we not found a house which offered us a convenient and comfortable shelter for the night. It was a large log house, with a small open horse-shed in the rear, within which we found a man and a woman. This man was a trapper, and I thought he looked honest. He said he owned the place—that he and his wife lived there alone—and that we could stop until morning, as well as not. We unharnessed the mules and hitched them under the shed, and then entered the hut, where the woman soon prepared us a supper of good, sweet corn bread and fresh venison. The host's name was Ingalls. He said he had lately come from Kentucky, and had bought the hut of an old fellow who had gone down into Texas. I liked his appearance, and had no thought that he could be dishonest. He saw my empty wagon, and he saw the uniforms of my companions; and as he knew that soldiers were stationed away to the westward of him, he imagined that we had come to purchase stores. I admitted to him that he was correct, and there the conversation upon that topic ended.

"At nine o'clock we retired. The host remarked to us as he took up his candle, that he should be forced to put us in the loft, as he had no bed below save the one which he and his wife used. I had no thought of making objection to this, and followed the man up the simple ladder without hesitation. In the loft were two rough beds of straw, and two or three pine stools. Skins of all kinds, and in all stages of dressing, hung from the rafters, and at one end were suspended a number of pieces of smoked meat. Lombard and Sturtevant took one bed, and I took the other. We talked a little while—talked of travelling, and of hunting, and of trapping, and by and by the corporal said something about robbers, at which I laughed.

"'It don't make no odds,' said he; 'that old rat down stairs knows what your business is; and of course he knows that you must have money. Uncle Sam's sutlers and quarter-masters don't go to buy stores without money.'

"I laughed again, and told Sturtevant to go to sleep. I went to sleep, and slept some time. It must have been some time, for the moon was shining when I awoke, and I knew that the moon did not rise until after midnight.

"There was a noise below. I heard the hum of voices; and in the yard I heard the whining of dogs. My companions were awake, and upon their elbows.

"'Whew!' uttered Lombard, 'them's nigger hunters.'

"The corporal asked him how he knew.

"'Because them critters outside is blood-hounds,' was the wagoner's reply.

"I began to feel serious. The new-comers might be nigger-hunters, or they might not—it mattered little to me;—the sound of their voices was not pleasant. There was a roughness, and a wickedness and a peculiar tinge of bravado in the tones which struck me, and made me uneasy. I could not but remember that I had over a thousand dollars in gold in the belt about my waist. At all events, I rubbed open my eyes, pricked my ears, and sat up to listen.

"In a little while I made some important discoveries. There were at least six men in the gang below, and they were rough, hard customers. If our host was not their friend and accomplice, he was at least their tool, either through fear or self-interest. They had learned that we three were in the loft; that we had come from the military station; and that we were after stores.

"'Then they've got money,' I heard one man say.

"'Yes—any quantity of it,' replied our host.

"And then they talked in lower tones; but I well understood that they meant to attack and rob us. And that was not all: they meant to have our mules and my horse—for you will understand that I had brought my horse with me,—and they meant to dispose of us in a manner that should leave us powerless to blow against them. Before I could confer with my companions, and arrange for any plan of defence, we heard the rascals start to ascend the ladder. I knew that there were as many as six of them, and I had reason to believe they were desperate fellows. Directly at my head was an open window, not more than ten feet from the ground. The thought of meeting the villains in that low, dark loft was not pleasant; and as the ladder was at the opposite end from where we were, I did not think it safe to try to prevent their coming up. Had we done so, they could have held us where we were until daylight, and then shot us at their leisure from without. I had

not removed my clothing; and when I knew that the rascals were coming, I called for my companions to follow me, and leaped from the window. I saw the dogs as I got upon my feet; but they were tethered, and could not reach me. My principal object, at that moment, was to save the money I had with me, a large portion of which belonged to the government; and while I sprang for my horse I supposed my companions would take the mules, and follow me. I heard them both behind me, and as I cast my horse's bridle over his head and *leaped to his back, I saw them unhitching the mules.*

"*My horse was a safe, sure-footed beast,* and I imagined that I should reach the settlement without further trouble: for I knew that the enemy had no horses, and that they could by no means keep up even with our mules on foot. I supposed that I knew the way to the settlement; but I managed to strike the wrong path. After riding half an hour, and finding the way grow more and more difficult and obscure, I stopped and took an observation. I had been a fool. The moon was over my left shoulder. I had been riding to the northward, while I should have been riding to the eastward. What was to be done now? I had no doubt that my companions had taken the right road. Lombard knew the route, and was probably out of harm's way by that time.

"I was asking myself what I should do when a sound fell upon my ears that caused me to think what I *could* do. The robbers were not coming, but the BLOOD-HOUNDS were!

"Do you know the nature of those Southern blood-hounds? Yes,—you all do. You know that death alone can put them back from their game. I heard them coming, and I knew that they were upon my track,—I knew that their villainous masters had sent them to overhaul me. I tell you frankly, I was frightened. I had a pair of pistols with me; but what would they do against a pack of hounds! There were as many as six of them, I knew; for I had seen them as I came out from the hut. To put spurs to my horse would be useless, for the dogs would overhaul me let me do my utmost. There was but one way. I must take refuge in a tree. I could not avoid the devils by turning from the direct course, for there was no water at hand to drink up the scent of my tracks. The pursuers were almost upon me—within a few rods—when I cast my horse's bridle over a branch and leaped into a tree. I had just mounted to a safe seat upon a large limb when the hounds came up. They did not offer to molest my horse, but stuck their noses up towards me, and snuffed and howled most demoniacally.

"The moon, which had been rising higher and higher, now threw considerable light down into the forest, and I could see the hounds very plainly—six of them—even to their color. I had a pair of revolvers with me—good ones—each with six barrels; and I had spare ammunition in my pocket. It struck me that, if I were careful, I might shoot the dogs before their masters could come up; and with this idea I began to study and plan. There was a limb lower down than the one upon which I sat—so low that I had climbed above it for fear the dogs might reach me there. Down upon that lower limb I went, thus holding myself just about six feet above the ground. Two of the dogs sprang at me and almost touched me. Twice they did this, and then they stood up against the tree and growled at me. I could not miss such a shot. I held the muzzle of my pistol within six inches of one of those ugly heads and fired. The brute tumbled over, and in a moment more the second hound was rolling and kicking by his side.

"All I had to do was to re-cock my pistol, and wait for the rest; and they were not slow in coming. Three of the remaining four leaped up against the tree, and I shot one of them in the mouth, sending the ball, as was soon evident, down into his heart. As I prepared my pistol for the fourth shot, a hound leaped and caught the knee of my pants. He tore the cloth, but did not hurt me; but he got hurt, however, though I did not kill him. The bullet struck him in the shoulder, and he ran howling away into the wood.

"There were now but two hounds left, and at them I fired five shots. One of them I killed, and the other ran.

"The moon was growing pale, and the sun was coming up. The day had dawned without my noticing it. As the last dog staggered off into the bushes, I heard the crashing of heavy footsteps, and the sound of human voices. The owners of the hounds were coming. My horse stood where I had left him, and it took me but a few seconds to take my seat in the saddle. The bushwhackers were not far distant, in the very path I had come, so I was forced to push on in a way I knew not. But fortune favored me. At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile, I struck a broad, open path; and in an hour from that time I was at the settlement, where I found Lombard and Sturtevant safe and sound. They fancied that I had fled back towards our post. They had the mules, but not the wagon.

"Among the people of the settlement we found plenty who were ready and willing to go out with us after the bushwhackers; but we did not find them. We found the man and woman at the old hut, but we could fasten no intention of crime upon them. We took our wagon to the village, purchased our stores, and returned to the post without further difficulty.

"Three months after that one of our companies captured a lot of prairie pirates, and delivered them over to the civil authorities of Jackson. I saw the rascals, and have no doubt that they were the ones who gave me chase through the woods, and whose hounds I shot."

HOPE.

Sweet Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?
Not with the eagle on the rock,
The civic strife, or battle shock,
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!
This be life's care to win.
Its noblest [illegible]
But not in [illegible] alone—sweet Hope!

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

In every age since the dawn of human civilization, history has formed an important branch of education. Commending itself to all classes and conditions of men, as much by consequence of the interesting and important character of its matter as a portraiture of the past, as by the truthful and sincere lessons it conveys of the school of human experience. In the consideration of history in the latter phase it rises to the sublime dignity of a sage, venerable and sagacious, from whose precepts there can be no divergence with propriety or safety; for life has its experimental character as well as science; but the true philosopher in the one as the other, will not vary from what may be considered its established data. As a preceptor in the science of human wisdom, history has no compeer. It points without passion or prejudice to where the seeds were cast into the earth, and with the majesty of destiny it withdraws its mantle from their inevitable fruits.

It may be said that knowledge, which is intelligence of a higher order, is comparative—that it is estimated extrinsically by its relative value only, for intrinsically it has no value save to the possessor—useful only when it is used. History, then, is valuable as a record of the progress of knowledge, the development of the intellect, and the growth and expansion of the principles of material economy. Every fact which it chronicles is full of interest to us—for the man of the present, in all his essential qualities, is but a reproduction of the man of the past, under a more benign influence, with a *better* intelligence, and a more enlarged horizon for the employment of his nobler and more peaceful instincts.

A true appreciation of the present period of human progress cannot be had without an application of the tests of history. It is the universal standard of human knowledge, and a living fountain of infallible wisdom. To the philosopher, really sincere in his love and pursuit of truth, it is an exhaustless, efflorescent receptacle. There he finds it robbed of all the outward, delusive appliances that obstruct the view of the present beholder, biassed and controlled as he is by interest, sensibility, and the demands of faction.

Bare to the very springs of his most secret action are the records of men in the hands of history. That which was dark or hidden in conception, difficult or impossible in construction, the pen of the historian, like the wand of the magician, pours over all a flood of light. While taking from invention none of its utility, from art none of its beauty, he spreads out the good and the evil of cycle or century, sums it up, and strikes the balance with the coolness of an accountant, and the sagacity of a philosopher.

To the statesman, history is the fountain of all knowledge. A close and judicious study of the annals of the past, which are so cunningly interwoven with all the interests of the present, impart to him an enlarged mental vision of its demands, the intellect is expanded, and the heart is touched.

Intellectual or material progress is to mankind—to governments and states, what the volcano is to nature. It is the great outside world where the genius of invention is free to move without restraint. Progress is the great channel by which pass off in noble, concerted, enlightened action, the energies that, obstructed, like the earthquake or tornado, overturn empires. To the youth learning life and preparing for its exigencies, history supplies his greatest desideratum. The good and the evil of the world are there placed before him in their original colors. No faint or ill-defined outlines where they mingle and blend into an indistinct mass, undigested and crude, useless and, more than that, pernicious, but clearly and purely set forth, with all their unmistakable results. To the youth learning how to live, and to the aged fearing not to die, history is the bright pathway to intellectual and moral probity.

Let us commend the study of history to the young of America, and particularly at this juncture the history of our own Revolution. The men of that period may have been more than mortal in their endowments of integrity and wisdom, or the spirit of liberty is more potent even than we imagine it, for certainly no other country presents to the student a more brilliant record of noble heroism. In a venal and corrupt age good men may be without hope, and the weak-virtuous may yield at last; but there is one consolation left to the reflecting that, though America has apparently outlived the virtues of its fathers, the influence of good example is eternal, and still the patriot "may not despair of the republic."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARCHITECT thus discusses a question which some consider to be of great practical importance. "I beg leave," he says, "to express my opinion in regard to the theory referred to by 'INVALID,' in a recent number of the LEDGER, as to the direction of the body when sleeping, in order to gain the greatest amount of repose. I consider the direction of the body when extended for repose a matter of no small importance, although it is treated by most people as a whim, simply because they cannot see why it should make any difference. I contend that a person should sleep with the head north when practicable. There is no serious objection to the head being towards the south (though north is better), but a sleeper should never lay crosswise, that is, east and west. The reason is, that at or near the surface of the earth currents of electricity are constantly flowing from the equator to the poles; consequently, in our latitude these currents are flowing northward. Currents of electricity also traverse lengthwise the human body from the feet upwards (when in a standing position) and are discharged at the brain, probably by unconscious mental effort. These currents follow the nerves of the system in the same manner that the same subtle fluid follows the telegraph wires, and these nerves of ours may very properly be called the telegraph wires of the system. Now, a person in the attitude of repose may be compared to a plank fixed in a rapid running stream of water. Place the plank lengthwise in the direction of the stream, and the flow is harmonious and without contention; but fix the plank crosswise the stream and the effect may be imagined. The same is true of the human body when extended upon or near the surface of the earth. The flow of the currents in the two bodies brought so nearly in contact will be harmonious or turbulent according as they coincide with or cross each other. If the flow of the electrical currents is in the same direction in both bodies, the person will rise refreshed; if the flowings of the currents are crosswise, the person will be unrefreshed, and will rise wondering why he is so nervous and unable to sleep. The effect will be diminished the farther a person gets from the ground, as in the second or third stories of a building. I believe that persons who sleep upon the ground, as soldiers, &c., would find their rest much enhanced by always lying with the heads towards the north."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Of course we believe that women should have their "rights;" and if the privilege to rail at the "tyrant sex" be one of their rights, then we say let 'em have *that*. But in our opinion it is more than questionable whether the uprising of the "Woman's Rights Women" against the "male tyrants" will ever attain the dimensions of a general insurrection. We supposed, indeed, that the skirmishing of the lady revolutionists with the "despotic sex" would cease entirely in the presence of the Great Rebellion. But the fair belligerents still stand to their guns, and occasionally favor us bearded monsters with a broadside of oratorical grape and canister. They had an informal gathering in this city not long ago, and spoke their minds pretty freely, it is said, although (no reporters being present) their withering remarks did not obtain the publicity of print. But our correspondent says they are going ahead now more vigorously than ever, and are determined on a "complete revolution." Gentle malcontents, permit us, hat in hand, and with all humility, to address to you a few words of brotherly remonstrance. Be our ministering angels still. When party strife has excited the passions, be it yours to soothe and calm them; and when surgery has lopped a limb, or extracted a bullet, come you to the cot-sides of the victims with your sweet ministrations. Press the cool, soft, sisterly hand on the fevered brow; tender to the parched lips refreshing moisture; breathe into the ear of suffering, words of comfort; smooth the pillow of the dying, and whisper to the parting soul of a bright hereafter. These are your rights and privileges—these, and many others, more sacred, more ennobling, than any which the notoriety-seekers of your sex so noisily claim. Mothers, sisters, wives, nurses, comforters—what would you more? Why should you be ambitious? But if you are, what then? What are we world-rulers in your hands? If we govern the world, do you not govern us? What are we, ladies, but your deputies?

JULIA, who writes a nice lady's hand, thus gently dips into the discussion of a subject which the "popular mind" would not suppose the female intellect would be apt to take much interest in. She says: "The statement of J. U. P. in the LEDGER last June, that he had a well twenty feet deep, and that he drew the water by a rope passing over a pulley about seven feet above the top of the well, with a bucket at each end, so that when one bucket was down the other was up, and that the middle of the rope was wet in summer and winter, while the balance was dry; requesting reason of this phenomenon on philosophical principles, no one has attempted to answer, except A. R. C. in the LEDGER of July 25th; and the reason given by A. R. C. cannot be correct, as the end of the rope attached to the bucket in the well all night is dry in the morning, while the middle is wet. My solution is this: the water in the well is *colder* in the summer and *warmer* in the winter than the atmosphere above. Now, where the two currents of air meet in the well so as to form an equilibrium of temperature, the moisture condenses and wets the rope. If this is not the correct theory, will some one give a better one?"

XERXES.—The difference in opinion arises from the fact that the writer of the paragraph you refer to reckons *a million millions* to a billion, and you reckon only a *thousand millions* to a billion. You would call 19,258,175,960, nineteen billions two hundred and fifty-eight millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand nine hundred and sixty; while your opponent would call it *nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty eight millions*, &c. According to his method of notation a billion is written thus in figures—1,000,000,000,000, while you write it 1,000,000,000.

OLIVIA loves to madness a gentleman who has been unfortunate in business, and whom her parents do not wish to elevate to the rank of their son-in-law. It is a common case. The parents may be wrong, as parents often are. Society is rather indulgent to those who resolve to choose for themselves. It does not regard it as a moral crime; and success at last makes ample atonement for the offence; but we never advise in such cases; and, as a rule, we disapprove of children neglecting parental advice, even in love affairs.

ROLAND asks: "Can a man, by his actions, hurt himself, without committing a crime against society?" No, every man is a member of society; and, in hurting any one member, you hurt the body, which is one in the universal sense, though many in the particular sense. By these two senses, contradictory language may be spoken without a departure from truth. You might, therefore, say "Yes" to the above question, as is often done when we say, "Poor fellow! he does harm to no one but himself," &c.

B. M.—You and your friends must be very stupid or very irreverent to imagine that when the question as to who is the greatest man that ever lived is under discussion, any one would for a moment think of discussing the claims of the Saviour of the World to that distinction. Although He wore a human form for a season, and in the Scriptural sense "was a man amongst men;" yet, when we speak of men in general, it is of *mere* men that we speak, and not of God in man.

G. H. L.—The time for a woman and her family to exercise firmness, discretion, and all similar virtues, is *before* she marries a scamp and not afterwards—although, no doubt, they will find abundant use for them after things have been made as bad as they well can be by such a marriage. We can give you no advice that would be of any practical benefit to you.

X. X.—The professed reason for Napoleon's divorce from Josephine was the want of children. So he got his divorce, married again, and had a son, who lived and died a prisoner of state. Could the "man of destiny" have looked into the future, he would have seen that justice is better than an heir. Selfish ambition is always sure to make a fool of a man at last.

SNOWY RANGE.—Raisins are grapes cured and prepared by a process well known to raisin makers.

PRECEPTRESS.—You should have some treatise on the subject, at hand for reference, in order to be able to give the young ladies under your charge such information as they may require at any time. We can not afford to devote sufficient space to give you all the directions, &c., which you ask for in regard to "letter-writing by young ladies," but we will give you an outline which your own good sense will enable you to fill up. Though every one does not excel in the art of letter-writing, still it is by no means difficult of attainment. It is necessary to express ourselves in a style at once clear, elegant, and appropriate to the subject on which we are writing. Above all things we ought to endeavor to acquire a plain, legible hand-writing, for nothing is more irksome than to receive a letter half the contents of which remain a mystery to us, in consequence of our inability to decipher it. Some ladies erroneously suppose it plebeian and common to write well; whereas, on the contrary, every thing emanating from a lady should be performed in the most elegant manner possible. In conversation we are frequently obliged to sacrifice many happy similes, and appropriate remarks and expressions, in order to avoid hesitation; the case is different in the use of the pen. There is, therefore, no excuse for repetitions, erasures, or omissions. Never suffer such blemishes to remain; they are disgraceful to yourself and disrespectful to your correspondent. The most rigid observance of the rules of grammar and correctness of expression is indispensable; a fault in orthography is inexcusable, even in the most unimportant billet, as it betrays either gross ignorance or inattention in the writer. The terms *esteem* and *affection*, being familiar expressions, are used only in letters to friends and equals, unless accompanied by words which relieve or qualify them; thus we may say, "I am with profound respect," and "the highest esteem." In a simple billet, the date of the day, Monday, &c., is sufficient, with, sometimes, the addition of the hour. Letters to superiors ought to be folded in an envelope. Black wax is used for mourning, as also black-edged paper and envelopes. Large seals are in bad taste—they should be small, with appropriate designs and mottos. Some distinguished persons receive it as a compliment, if, in writing to them we omit to designate precisely their address; it is, however, incorrect to make the omission; we ought, on the contrary, to indicate with accuracy the name of the street and number, if it be in a large city. If you add to the name the title or profession, it will prevent mistakes; but if circumstances have compelled any of your acquaintance to act in an inferior capacity, it would be very indelicate and unfeeling to add his business to his name. As a general rule, it is correct to conclude your letter thus, "I am, Sir, or Madam, your obedient servant;" a more familiar style is, "I am, Sir, yours truly—yours respectfully," &c. It is only the most unceremonious billets that are written in the third person, and they should necessarily be very laconic, in order to avoid the use of the pronouns *he* or *she*, which not only have the appearance of incivility, but sometimes cause confusion in the difficulty that frequently occurs, to comprehend whether the pronoun refers to the person who writes the note, or to the one to whom it is written. These billets commence thus: "Mr. or Mrs. A. presents his or her compliments or respects to Mrs. B., and requests——" Having made the request or intimation, we conclude with, "and will feel obliged." Be careful never to use the first person in such notes, nor to affix your signature.

J. V. G., who is an advocate of early marriages, (a question which many of our readers seem to be deeply interested in and fond of discussing,) wishes to put in his protest against the idea that early marriages are imprudent and even unjustifiable. "I know," he says, "that some physicians condemn them on the ground that the constitutions of the parties are not sufficiently mature to produce a healthy and vigorous offspring. Economists condemn them, because young men are rarely in circumstances which will bear the expense. Many others condemn them because they see so much disappointment and trouble arising out of matrimony, when the wedded pair are deficient in sense and true principle, that they naturally conclude it to be far better to postpone this most serious of all relations until a riper age of experience and discretion. And there are not a few who are disposed to prefer the freedom of a single life as far less liable to suffering and sorrow. But all these reasons seem to me of little weight when opposed to the manifest designs of Providence, the general authority of Scripture and the instincts and affections implanted in the human heart. Nature points to early marriage as the true normal condition of our race; and experience proves it to be the best practical protection of health, of reasonable continence and of sound morality. We find, accordingly, that the people of Israel held this to be a settled rule, in pursuance of the divine law laid down in the beginning. We see the Apostle Paul, also, notwithstanding his individual preference of celibacy, establishing the same practice when he saith: 'Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.' I. Cor. vii., 2. This is further confirmed by his emphatic declaration: 'Marriage is honorable in all.' Heb. xiii., 4. And the design of the Creator is wonderfully manifested to this day, from the well-known facts ascertained by the published statistics of all civilized nations, that the males and the females born in every country are almost precisely equal in number. What general maxim of human society can be more fully proved than this, when the voice of religion, the results of experience, and the fixed order of divine Providence, concur so harmoniously in the same conclusion?"

HARRY puts the following touching and fearful case. He says: "Suppose a man should be riding in the cars between Hartford and Willimantic, and by accident should find himself *tête-à-tête* with a beautiful, blue-eyed lady, and feel touched by her advice; and if in changing cars he should lose sight of her entirely, without ever knowing her address, wouldn't it be too bad. Now, this is my fix precisely; and perhaps if this should strike the eyes of my fair one, it might be the means of keeping me from sinfulness and dissipation. What advice can you give me about it?" You are a great goose. Do you suppose that the lady you refer to would take the trouble to hunt you up, if she should happen to see your statement, even if she knew it referred to her? She may be a married woman, or engaged to be married. At any rate, you have "spoilt your market" with her by letting her know that you are prone to "dissipation and sinfulness." You probably put that clause of your letter in, under the notion that the idea of saving a fellow-mortal from unknown improprieties and crimes would so work upon her divine nature as to induce her to rush forward and offer herself a marital sacrifice upon the altar of hymen. We have known great, silly fellows who have cherished such absurd notions.

S. T. V.—If you really loved the young lady it is not likely that you would hesitate to marry her because she has the heart disease. On the contrary, you would be apt to be all the more eager to devote yourself to the securing of her happiness because she is liable to be snatched away from earth at any moment. That is one view of the subject; and, to be sure, there is room for another, which will serve as a plausible excuse for backing out, to wit, that you may be so sensitively organized as not to be able to endure the thought that your wife might at any moment be taken from you, and *therefore* you will tear your affections from the young lady before it is too late, &c.

WEST TROY.—The phrase, "carrying the war into Africa," arose from the declaration of a celebrated Roman general who was pitted against the renowned Carthagenian Commander, Hannibal, while the latter was invading Italy, and threatening Rome itself. The Roman general declared that the best way to get rid of the presence of Hannibal and his army in Italy, would be to "carry the war into Africa," the home of the Carthagenians, and to threaten Carthage itself. He was allowed to do so, and Hannibal and his troops had to hasten home to defend their own firesides. Since that day, when one wishes to indicate his intention to pursue a decisive aggressive policy, he speaks of "carrying the war into Africa."

SILVER FLAKE.—If you should be half as tedious in your explanation with the young lady as you are with us, your case will probably be hopeless. By waiting a little while, she will probably resume her relations with you, and keep her promise to become your wife; but if you annoy her with prosy communications, either written or spoken, she may acquire a lasting dread of you that will defeat all your hopes.

DOUBTING HEART.—Let your recreant lover alone, and do not attempt to constrain a reluctant heart. There would not only be no harm in quietly giving up your rival's acquaintanceship, but it would be an act of discretion. Nature teaches us that rivals cannot long agree; and if you don't drop her acquaintance she will no doubt drop yours.

KNICKERBOCKER.—We do not care to attempt to predict "in about what year New York will become the greatest city on the globe." Put that question to the LEDGER a few centuries hence, and an answer might be given.

P. S. Q. says he has a son on board the United States gun-boat Cayuga, and would like to know where that vessel is. Can any of our readers inform us?

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—The *Misses Brown* is the correct phrase, and not the *Miss Browns.*

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*